THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume II | New York, Wednesday, October 28, 1925 | Number 25

CONTENTS

Sunday's Child 601
Week by Week 603
The Locarno Settlement 607
A National Birthday 608
The Faith and the Press.....Hilaire Belloc 609
The Winnowing of Womanhood..George N. Shuster 611
Ireland's Senate Election .....Constantine P. Curran 613
The Bellows Exhibition ..Anna McClure Sholl 614
The Golden Tickseed (*verse*) .Gustav Davidson 615
Latter-Day Snobs .....Elisabeth Marbury 616
Statement (*verse*) .....Loretta Roche 618
Moon Magic (*verse*) ..Dorothy Cruikshank 618
Those Rich, Far Places....R. Dana Skinner 618
But of Her Lips (*verse*).....Mary Carolyn Davies 619
Communications 619
The Play .....R. Dana Skinner 623
Books.....Thomas Walsh, Katherine Brégy 624
The Quiet Corner 627

SUNDAY'S CHILD

IT is a common observation in recent years among those concerned with observing the trend of public interest as reflected in the public sheets, that "religion has made the front page." Not only are the views of those committed by their profession to a view of life "sub specie eternitatis" given generous space in the news columns, but editorial comment upon first and last things which they arouse is markedly sincere and thoughtful—free of the perfunctory reverence with which the worldly spirit too often parries a message it is not prepared to receive.

To give only one instance, remarkable if only from the status and circulation of the paper in which it was contained, the New York Times editorial on the Jesuit martyrs of America was a real attempt to assess the value of all that is contained in the conception of sanctity, as understood by those who do not accept the standards of a material philosophy.

When a pastor of one of the most enlightened and socially influential communions, therefore, tells his congregation, with all the air of giving them a sober and reluctant judgment that Christianity is dying, and that the noise of controversy which is bringing it into new prominence is merely the death rattle in its throat, one need not consider the prominence given his sermon in the press as any acquiescence in a theory which so many of the facts of life disavow. That blessings brighten as they take their flight, is a piece of sound observation. To contend that the renewed interest in religious issues which no one can help but notice is the gathering of the Christian nations round the deathbed of their parent faith, divided between sorrow for the passing of what was once dear, and some anxiety to what it will be found to have bequeathed when the testament is opened, is not only an ingenious theory but pathetic and picturesque imagery. So full of pathos, indeed, is the situation it evokes that the Reverend A. Wakefield Slaten, for whose sermon at the West Side Unitarian Church on a recent Sunday the death of Christianity was the text, seems to have felt himself compelled, by virtue of his very office, to unwring the withers of his congregation and to end his threnody on a note of hope that is worth quoting textually.

"We are living in the last stages of a great religion. We are sitting by the deathbed of Christianity. The noisy controversies you hear are the death rattle of the ancient faith. Christianity is passing away and something will take its place. That something will be the unification of belief based on modern

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scientific education . . . We hear the cry of an infant religion—humanism."

In a word, if the old faith is dying, it is at least dying in childbed. When the last rites are over, the interment decently conducted, and even the echoes of the funeral oration are dying away, upon what sort of nursling shall we be privileged to gaze, and upon what interim guardians and foster fathers must we rely while he is being dandled and weaned into maturity and authority?

The first thing that will occur to those who entrust their thought to Dr. Slaten's metaphors, is that the infant comes to us with something of a weazened and aged look. A "Sunday Child," right enough, he is not as fair of face as the proverb gives us a right to expect. There is an uncanniness in the very self-consciousness of the smile with which he answers our caresses. It is old mid-wives' lore that the child who smiles too early will never comb his hair grey, haply never have any hair to comb at all, but speedily take his charm and innocence to a better world. In the ingratiating air with which Dr. Slaten's infant religion comes to us, the solicitude for finding a welcome prepared in advance which it evidences, there is almost a premonition that his reign in the hearts of men will not be either very long or very prosperous.

In a very remarkable book, The New Age of Faith, just published by the Viking Press of New York, Mr. John Langdon-Davies, a writer of the younger school, who has lectured extensively in this country on social and economic subjects, takes up the entire question of science as a substitute for faith, and examines it, not from the point of view of a churchman or advocate in any way for older forms of reliance, but on grounds of its sheer capacity to meet the demands that are likely to be made upon it when Dr. Slaten's vision is an accomplished fact—in a word, when mankind has nothing else upon which to rely. Mr. Langdon-Davies's book is frankly addressed to Americans, not because they are, in his opinion, in greater need of enlightenment, but because, owing, he believes, to the greater material prosperity of their nation they are more inclined than Europeans to lend a ready ear to prophets of a faith so abundantly justified by material results in the past.

It is interesting to note that in his chapter, From Magic to Scientific Control, Mr. Langdon-Davies does not fail to remind us that the funeral oration of supernatural religion was delivered as long as thirty-five years ago. "In 1889," he notes, "Frederick Harrison delivered a famous lecture on The New Era, in which he told his audience that the belief in 'celestial rewards of the separate soul' had been replaced by 'a faith in human progress.'" Dr. Slaten's baby is at least as old as that.

What has shaken the belief in Europe in the omnivalence of science, to such an extent that Mr. Langdon-Davies can say, and support his blasphemy with quotations from some of the bleakest contemporary thinkers and writers, that the god has toppled off his pedestal and "dissolved into a scattered medley of potsherds?" Nothing more or less, he tells us, than the sight of its application on a wholesale scale. The guesses of Darwin, of Spencer and of Haeckel passed muster for oracles while there was no need to appeal to them for present help in time of trouble, and while mankind generally was running on the momentum of old beliefs and convictions whose power is not to be cast off by a mere shift in mental allegiance. But from the moment they presented themselves as the sole permitted answer to the eternal question that the human heart, dazed between the two infinities of time and eternity, flings at the stony face of destiny, the discovery of their inadequacy was only a question of time.

So we have Mr. Bertrand Russell declaring, without apparent fear of contradiction that "science threatens to cause the destruction of our civilization;" Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, in his Daedalus, doubting very strongly whether "in the end man will survive his accessions of power;" Dr. Schiller in Tantalus posing as the one ascertained law of "progress" that there is no law, and bidding us know that civilization, "as at present constituted," is "a deteriorating agency."

When such a low opinion of the power of science to save is held by men who have emancipated themselves from dogma (none of the authors quoted are believers, nor does Mr. Langdon-Davies himself, who identifies religion with magic, seem to be in more orthodox case) the open-minded seeker after truth may be pardoned his misgivings at hearing the ancient belief piously exhorted to a sort of Caesarean operation in order that the new may live. At least he would like to be surer than he can be at present that the death of one is as inevitable a condition of the other's existence as he is told—that both, each in its proper sphere, may not live and thrive. "The control of conduct based upon a favorable relationship" to some deity, which Dr. Slaten sees "liberal religious thought" discarding, had a better and more logical name in days when thought was harder and empirical negation less the fashion of the moment. Its very etymology was a definition. It was conscience—"conscientia" or knowledge shared, and the finite and Infinite were partners in the process. By controlling his conduct according to the dictates of a law that lay beyond the confines of experience, man did not always succeed in controlling his earthly destiny or mastering his environment. But to the discipline it enforced he owes all that lifts him above the blind life of sense and instinct—whether it be the pride of intellect which rears its head to deny the ancient beauty, or the compunction that bids him, when a false god lies in fragments, turn again towards the true.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

CARLTON J. H. HAYES JAMES J. WALSH
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE HENRY LONGAN STUART
R. DANA SKINNER T. LAWRASON RIGGS

Subscription Rates: Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

THE American Federation of Labor is committed to the policy of industrial coöperation. "We urge upon wage earners everywhere: that we oppose all wage reductions and that we urge upon management the elimination of waste in production in order that selling prices may be lower and wages higher. To this end we recommend coöperation in the study of waste in production." Thus reads the major resolution on wages, adopted at the Atlantic City convention. Though the step is as yet taken only in theory and must wait for time to see it made emphatic in practice by the various unions, it remains the most significant economic move of the post-war era. There is implied on the one hand complete repudiation of the Communist idea that labor is the sole reputable social unit, and on the other hand an abandonment of the "full dinner-pail" principle. What the federation now emphasizes is the right of workers to share in management and production profits; and it points to the success of the Baltimore and Ohio plan of coöperative industrial conduct, as well as to scholarly economic reports which, like that of the National Catholic Welfare Conference or that made by Mr. George Soule for the Labor Bureau, have seen the necessary relation between increased production and satisfactory wage earnings.

THE theory of wages may seem a rather academic thing; but in all truth a correct theory is a correct rule for the settlement of such industrial controversy as continually jars social well-being. Since the war it has become increasingly apparent that the old rule of brute struggle for increase or diminishing of pay-envelopes no longer holds good; and in the case of the present disastrous anthracite strike, it cannot be applied at all. That strike does nobody any good because—apart from the fact that it weighs heavily upon the poor—it is in no sense a battle for a principle. Perhaps the federation was thinking a great deal about Pennsylvania when it drafted its resolution. At any rate, everybody must hope that the United Mine Workers will be among the first unions to endorse the new theory of wages, and so work towards a stabilization of that basic industry in which they are concerned.

"THE learning of a man is known by patience," affirmed the Wise King; and certainly the fastidious culture of those to whom the nation entrusts its affairs is revealed by their painful plodding towards the aura of omniscience. A few days ago Miss Virginia Strauss addressed the Board of Estimate, New York City's financial savants, on the subject of better salaries for the library staff. It was an awesome moment—in fact, it was an hour when the board's heart might well surge upward with generous élan and endanger the city's budget out of sheer affection for things of the mind. But the élan was missing. Something of much vaster consequence was born, when the Mayor uttered the following profound confession—"I have been kept so busy during the last eight years, since I came into office, that I have hardly had opportunity to look at a book—not even a novel. But I have begun to read one since primary day and am still reading it." One pauses long over a statement which so convincingly summarizes at what cost modern government is conducted, and suspects that Scotland must have been very inefficiently ruled, indeed, when its first James took the time to write his "Quhair;" but a still longer pause is occasioned by the discovery of the Mayor's persistency in the advancement of his knowledge.

PHILOSOPHERS may well conceive the idea that among the Mayor's resolutions for the coming year will be an inflexible determination to finish the volume—at whatever cost. The Board of Estimate, however, is not made up of philosophers. It listened therefore to Judge Talley, who based the case for greater library appropriations upon the decay of morals. "If we could keep the young girls out of certain classes of dance halls which ruin their morals, and if we could keep some of the boys out of poolrooms, and young folks in general from the meretricious moving pictures which present false and immoral concepts of life, we would have a different situation," predicted the Judge. But by this time the argument had drifted so far into metaphysics that nothing could be done about the mere detail of more dollars a week for the untipped waiters of bookdom. After all, it is a thankless job, this business of the advancement of learning. For in these days only the butcher, baker, candlestick-maker and their poorer neighbors know the mighty phrase of Milton—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Books are the life-blood of master minds," which is flung like a symbol of consecration over every library door. You may be mayor of the world's metropolis if you read half a book during eight years. What might you not hope to become, if you attempted to read none at all?

IT is perhaps in the spirit of an ironical introduction to "Education Week" that Dr. J. B. Finley, retiring from the University of California, has framed his boisterous remark that "a master of arts or a doctor of philosophy is now a boy whose parents have money enough to keep him in college until the professors are tired of looking at him." There is something in the very nature of pedagogy which inclines experience to give vent to wrath. And yet America might well find it worth while to reflect, during this week and afterwards, upon the increasing cost of higher education and reckon up the relative proportion between the candle and the game. The bills have gone sky-high—far and away above the cost of other things—primarily because of the pomposities which have been foisted upon mental training. Boys and girls flash triumphantly across the collegiate horizon while the old folks see the things they hoped for in youth fade into pathetic little dreams of renouncement. But suppose that in the end that scintillant promenade is not adjudged worthy the price—what then? What if, during the years when success depends on training, the structural weaknesses of that training are proved? Here is a real question, which more and more people are asking. Certainly one clear answer is that, for young people in our time, the cultural college can be helpful only under one condition—that there they meet men who have the power to provide a means of contact, a bridge with the concerns of present civilization; who show them by example and performance what are the methods of intellectual and moral advancement; and who teach excellently because they have been taught excellently by life and the arts.

THERE is always a great deal of emotionalism in the entourage of music. Sometimes it reveals itself in the venomous stamp of a prima's foot; and then again it comes to the fore in those who, for one reason or another, suspect that their favorite species of thrill is being snubbed. To recent charges against the "Americanism" of the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Otto Kahn has responded amiably but effectively by pointing out that opera is not a medium for the profession of patriotism. It is, for better or worse, a certain kind of music which the public will favor in accordance with its merits. To sing it in English, regardless of its original form, or to substitute an indigenous libretto for a much better exotic one, would simply be playing tricks on a public which knows what it wants and pays a very substantial price for gratification. But why is there no American opera? We think the answer lies very largely where Mr. Kahn puts it in these words—"I hope earnestly that—through coöperation of a number of cities in given territories—operatic circuits will ultimately be established. A plentiful supply of talent will be found available. No greater and more promising service could be rendered to American singers and composers."

IN other words, the Metropolitan Opera House—like similar institutions in other countries—is a place for the artistic presentation of musical classics. What the young composer needs is an hospitable milieu in which he can stage his work, study its effect, and advance to a mastery of his art. He will probably ripen when he is surrounded with the opportunities which now abound in drama—competitive theatres, little theatres, and so forth. These do not exist at present because the demand is not sufficient to defray the cost of productions such as the public has become accustomed to at the Metropolitan. And here, at least, there seems to be a point upon which the great opera house might well speculate: is it assisting either music or American music by making of each production a spectacle, the scenic costs of which are exorbitant? We think that the present price and "exclusiveness" of grand opera are not due to better musical talent than used to prevail in days gone by, but to extravagance of setting which really distracts—which situates Thaïs in the Orient well enough, but nearly makes us forget all about Thaïs. Hope lies in sane restriction of the extrinsic in operatic presentation. Attempts on the part of the operatic circuits hoped for by Mr. Kahn to rival the Metropolitan's stage management could only be futile and ridiculous.

THE resentment aroused in England by the sale of the fabric of historic Warwick Priory for removal to this country is natural, but whether it is likely to place any check upon what is becoming almost a natural process, as prosperity wanes in the old world and waxes in the new, is problematical. The hint that the Treasury may consider a special tax on "all treasures sold for removal from England" looks more like an official desire to have a finger in the plunder than any serious effort to stop the slow depletion of objects of "bigotry and virtue" from a country that has grown to consider them an overhead charge rather than an asset. The sentimentalist in Britain has had too much native vandalism to deplore in the near past, which the war has only speeded up, to drop more than a perfunctory tear when one unique building is salvaged at the price of its transport across the ocean.

ONE of the delusions of the sentimental pilgrim to Britain and the continent is that the beauty which so stirs his imagination is appreciated by the peoples who are its inheritors. Everywhere in Europe treasures of ancient symmetry and beauty are falling before the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pick and hammer of the demolisher. Secular buildings are disappearing from streets they have looked upon for centuries, very much as decayed teeth are extracted from a jaw. The motor lorry and the street car are shouldering picturesque tortuous streets roughly aside, and a determination to be as modern as possible is taking shape in soaring buildings of ferro-concrete, and acres of glazed windows. Even Wren's churches, which made the city of London a prospect of steeples, are ear-marked for destruction, and hardly a week passes without a losing fight being chronicled for some relic of the past upon which progress and the ground landlord have cast greedy eyes. For Americans with whom the sense of the past is strong, Europe today is a rather trying place of residence, and the shock administered to their sensibilities by the constant destruction of the past is a heavy toll to pay for escape from the much deplored rawness of their own country.

SOMETIMES, however, the process is reversed and we have to note, with pardonable complacency, the return to America of treasures which left its shores in distant days. The dramatic recovery, some years ago in a London sales-room, of the old Boston Bay Hymn-Book, inexactly described as "the first book printed in America" by those unaware of the treasures of typography issued by South American presses during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, is one of the epics of bibliographical history. Two early Americana which will almost certainly return to the country of their origin, are Eliot's famous Indian Bible, which brought in a sum of $1,500 at a recent book sale, and a still rarer example of Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, in the Indian tongue, which probably is as unique as the first edition of Challoner's Garden of the Soul.

BOTH books come from the library of the Royal Society, and their history is peculiarly interesting to students of early Americana. The Royal Society, as most people know, has a magnificent library in its apartments and, having regard to its scientific character, very naturally most of the books and of the annual additions are of that nature. But in days gone by, many valuable curiosities in other lines of literature were presented by Fellows and others, and quite recently the council, being in need of money for various researches, determined to dispose of most of these by public auction. The project was frowned upon by some, but on the whole it was felt that the decision was wise, having regard to all the circumstances of the case. Among the works sold were these very books, sent across the ocean to the society by John Winthrop the Second from Massachusetts.

JOHN WINTHROP the First, founder of a family many members of which reached high distinction in different directions, was born at Groton in Suffolk in 1588; educated at Trinity College, Dublin; bred to the law and was one of the great Puritan emigration to Massachusetts when Boston was founded. In 1629 he was made governor of the infant colony and with intervals, occupied the position until his death. His son, John, born in 1606, was governor of Connecticut and obtained a charter from King Charles II uniting Connecticut and New Haven. He was the father of paper currency in America. When he was in England on this piece of business it happened that Charles II chartered that famous institution, the Royal Society, and John Winthrop the Second became one of its original Fellows, the leaders of an illustrious band. Curiously enough his name does not appear in the Charter Book among the group which formed the first body of Fellows, but that is accounted for by the fact that the signatures headed by that of "Charles R." were not collected until after John Winthrop had returned to Connecticut.

HE was, however, mindful of his connection with the society and sent across the seas many objects which he thought might interest his brother Fellows. Some of these seem to our minds somewhat trivial offerings, as some dwarf oaks with acorn cups attached, and walnuts, though the Fellows may have been interested in "ten pieces of candle-wood, which, being lighted, burnt with a good flame, and were used by many planters instead of candles. They are split out of the knots of pitch-pine; and tar is made of such knots." But with these came certain books, namely two Bibles in the Indian tongue; three books of the Practice of Piety, translated into the Indian tongue; and one book of Mr. Baxter's Call to the Unconverted turned into the Indian language. These books were translated into the Indian language by the Reverend John Eliot who had been a fellow passenger with John the First when he left England for America. In view of the $3,500 paid for Richard Baxter's great work in Indian dialect, it is interesting to recall that its author, a fine life of whom by Frederick J. Powicke The Commonweal reviewed a few weeks ago, never made more by his writings, controversial or devotional, than $500 a year, and that he devoted their proceeds to charity in his parish of Kidderminster.

BRITAIN'S princely pilgrim, the legend of whose perennial adolescence is preserved as carefully as a fly in amber, has returned to a waiting nation, amid a tempest of cheers whose volume has been broadcast over England, and an experience not without a certain picturesque quality of its own has come to a prosperous end. The country to which he comes back is not altogether in a happy or complacent frame of mind just now. Class hatred, we are told, is assuming alarming proportions. Fascism is certainly rearing its head, and the strong hand of the law is laid upon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communism with some peril to the national tradition of free speech. The rumor that strictures upon the princely progress will be aired at Westminster when Parliament reassembles, may or may not be true. But one cannot be as certain that the tolerant, easy-going attitude typical of the British people toward the reigning family will be maintained during the discussion as one might have been, say fifteen or twenty years ago. "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis." The temper of the world is changing with the times, and Britain cannot hope to be forever exempt.

ALL these things would seem to make the undoubted heartiness of the welcome accorded the heir to the throne, at first sight, doubly significant and reassuring. But the theory that it is a symptom of contentment with things as they are, however serviceable to the conservative mind, will not convince the philosopher or student of history. The affection felt by the mass of the people for its titular head is not dependent on satisfaction with the rule of those who govern in his name. The tradition that the prince is the father of his people, the king a final court of appeal against the minister or vizier, dies hard. Sentimentally, at least, it has survived the constitutional revolution in England which made Parliament supreme. It has broken out time and time again in popular risings whose immediate end was to get control of the person (and the ear) of the Lord's anointed. In France, the homecoming from Versailles was the prelude to the Revolution. The strange outburst of enthusiasm in the dark summer of 1914, at the height of the Curragh trouble, when the Irish leaders were taken into council by King George, showed that it can persist into our own day. Conservatism, as Mr. Chesterton is never tired of pointing out, has its profoundest roots, not in the classes, but in the masses. The danger to existing constitutional forms in Britain (it hardly needed last week's cheers to prove it) is not likely to come from its people. It will come, if at all, from the attempt by certain social categories, anxious for their social permanence, to preëmpt loyalty and to use it as a weapon in cases with which loyalty has nothing to do.

THERE is another, and more philosophical angle, from which the enthusiasm aroused wherever the young Prince shows his very pleasant face, may be considered, and one which it is all the more pleasant to think of, as on the whole, it reflects credit upon that cryptic entity known as human nature. Envy and malice may rear their heads in the heart, generally under provocation from outside. But side by side with them there exists a very real pleasure in the contemplation of a career upon which the gods have smiled, and a life at whose christening all the fairies seem to have been present. It is a vicarious and rather obscure sentiment, which it would not do to leave to the sceptic to examine. Partly, no doubt, it comes from the human instinct to be "on the band-wagon" which accounts for so much unaccountable unanimity when the second rate is inordinately praised. But it also acts as a "release" for a very genuine joy in congratulation which life seldom affords.

LIFE is hard, life is drab, and the joy which Britain's hunting and dancing Prince has of it, if taken from him and distributed, would not appreciably better the common lot. It is a far better bargain, in every way, though the doctrinaire republican would never admit it, to maintain at least one family whose lot, set as it is above the more vulgar vicissitudes of life, is a pleasure to contemplate upon cheering streets lined with soldiery, or in the picture section of the press. The hero of Henry James's tremendous little novel, The Pupil, when reckoning up the good and ill he had from the swindling, shifty Moreens, confessed, almost against his better judgment, that he could not mislike them because they "saved him from the workaday world." Perhaps the function of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, has not been seen till now in its true light. He does "save us from the workaday world," and does it in effective fashion and with a princely disregard of how it strikes the heavy thinker that takes our sympathy by storm.

A SEVERE test of possible sympathy with Abd-el-Krim is given by the nature of discoveries now being made by archaeologists in that northern Africa for the possession of which the Moslem chieftain has been fighting. After all, civilizations are at least as enduring as peoples; and when, for instance, Italian explorers unearth such a treasure as the Cyrene temple of Apollo, one realizes again that Africa was part of Greece and Rome—part, therefore, of our truest inheritance—long before it was run over and desolated by fierce hordes of the Prophet. Old Cyrene, which lies directly south of Athens, must have been a beautiful city in those days when the marbles of its sacred columns lent to the sun, as Ruskin says, "Cleopatra-like, their bluest veins to kiss." From it came that Simon who assisted the Redeemer whose reign would transmute into purity and peace the kingdoms of Apollo; and towards it the apostle must have looked anxiously in those days when he ventured with mystical tidings among the islands of the Aegean Sea. Finally the day arrived when the temple itself became a church; and the Italian explorers found two elaborately carved altars in the ruins they unearthed.

THESE things, coming to light, are significant in an especial way to an era so careless as our own of the immortal past. What neither desert sands nor the despoiling barbarians could destroy remains—beauty, symbols of an ineffaceable ideal, the power of resurgent mind. Indeed, the whole north of Africa is an assemblage of immortal relics which are resurrected

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for our humbling and remembrance. "The Roman ruins which sprinkle the soil of Algeria," says Louis Bertrand, "teach us modesty by their pomp—we who flatter ourselves that we have taken up the task of the empire and carried on its tradition. They are a permanent reproach of our mediocrity, and a perpetual exhortation to achieve grandeur and loveliness." Yet, seen in another way, they are encouraging reasons for resolution: Christendom, which overbore and succeeded the magnificence of Phidias and the Caesars, is not likely to quail, impotent, before the standards of a secondary and lesser civilization.

THE LOCARNO SETTLEMENT

THE success of the Locarno Conference has naturally cleared the political horizon of its more imminent clouds. Meeting with a real desire to remove certain obvious menaces of war, European statesmen have agreed to stabilize the Rhine frontier, to receive Germany into the League of Nations, and to consolidate western Europe against the possible attack of revolutionary Russia. But while the value of the achievement must be rated very high, it should be borne in mind that the aim of the conference was to lessen materially the practicability of war rather than to remove the causes, economic or otherwise, which in Europe lead to war. The Versailles Treaty tried to achieve something similar when it ordered the disarmament of Germany; and we feel that the real advance made at Locarno lies in the circumstance that it has made possible a much wider demilitarization of the continent. France, at the present moment, may possibly revise her conviction that a large standing army is necessary for the defense of her integrity; and both Belgium and Italy are in a position of security quite unique in their history. In fact, an international condition has been achieved, which, with the League of Nations as its centre, can reasonably be trusted for the arbitral settlement of difficulties that formerly ran the gamut of intriguing alliances and threatening sabres. That many such difficulties exist, the statesmen assembled at Locarno would have been the last to deny. Indeed, one loomed pretty largely in the background of their discussion—the problem of the Polish frontiers. A glance at the map brings with it the realization that Poland has become, at least territorially, one of the most powerful countries of Europe, and stands guard in her old place at the outposts of Russia and the East. How can her development go on most satisfactorily? In what manner can the dangers which beset her national integrity be removed or minimized? Hitherto the answer has lain in the hands of France; but if the matters at issue between Poland and the Reich can be successfully disposed of by open-minded arbitration, she may count upon all western Europe as her potential ally because that Europe is now, at least relatively, allied. Unless the progress of affairs is halted by unfortunate changes in the governments, such arbitration may be confidently expected. Nor does the case of Poland stand alone. A hundred other problems—the consolidation of the Balkans, the disposition of the Sarre Valley, and the pacification of Turkey among them—are vastly more approachable under the circumstances that follow Locarno than they could have been even under the once lamented Geneva protocol. The Europe of today is not yet stripped of barbed wire entanglements, but it is possible to stir out of the trenches and undertake the task of reconstruction. This is good news for the United States. Our own share in the work has not been prominent, but we may find—if we care to—that there is much satisfaction in the thought that our rôle as the adjuster of other people's troubles is somewhat outgrown and has been made unnecessary. We can now more safely find the true American position, which is inevitably important and more closely identified with European interests than has been officially admitted during the past few years.

Indeed, the correspondent of the New York Times does not hesitate to suppose that the United States may "in many instances face United Europe rather than a series of European countries divided habitually and consistently." While it is much too early to affirm that Locarno has even begun to create a "United Europe," there is no doubt that the ideal back of the thought of many continental thinkers is some kind of united opposition to American economic superiority. This ideal was fundamental in Coudenhove-Kalergi's scheme of Pan-Europa, for instance; and since by helping to make the Versailles Treaty we alienated Germany, by refusing to sign that treaty severed ourselves from the Allied powers, and by refusing to enter the League announced a policy of nationalistic isolation, we scarcely have any good reason for believing that debt negotiations and similar distasteful tasks will strengthen cordiality across the Atlantic. There are, it would seem, two courses open to us as a nation—either to enter the League in spite of our repeated opposition to the venture, or to accept the two Americas as a separate field of activity and honestly try to join hands with our neighbor republics. For ourselves, we are inclined to favor the second course. So far the relationships between the United States and the peoples to the south have been governed by dilatory action and partially absurd assumption of our own utter superiority. We might, if we really cared to do so, organize the twin Americas into an association of nations cemented by common interests and by love of world amity. There is going to be a great deal of European activity in the neighborhood of Brazil and the Argentine; and everyone who reads the continental and English journals will realize that what this activity banks on is the continued alienation of the United States from its sister peoples—an alienation stupid, menacing, but remediable.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NATIONAL BIRTHDAY

THE fact that Philadelphia has completed the raising of the funds for the Sesquicentennial International Exposition, which is to take place in that city from June to December of 1926, in commenoration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the adoption and signing of the Declaration of Independence, is a piece of first class news that will be welcomed from one end of the country to the other. Philadelphia is to be congratulated—so, too, is the nation. Hardly any other factor contributes so vitally to the healthy progress of a people as does the appreciation and knowledge of national history. The people of Philadelphia have an opportunity comparable in importance to the event which they will celebrate next year in bringing home to the nation and to the world the marvelous story of the nation's growth as only an exposition, adequately planned and carried through, can do.

It is interesting to observe that those responsible for issuing the publicity matter in connection with the sesquicentennial have called attention to the special interest which members of the Catholic faith possess in the celebration. The publicity writer gives the following interesting account of at least some of the reasons why American Catholics should, as no doubt they will, take this special interest in the celebration.

"Its [the exposition's] interest to Catholic citizens lies in the fact that it is also the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of the Catholic fountain in Philadelphia, which was a portion of the centennial exposition in 1876. The world's fair which was held then, was conducted on a portion of the area which is now Fairmount Park, and was one of the innovations of the fair. The fountain which still stands today was the gift of the Catholic citizens through the medium of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. It is composed of immense pieces of white rock, and graven statues of Moses, the law-giver; Archbishop Carroll of Maryland, the first Catholic prelate in America; Charles Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence and brother of the Archbishop; Commodore John Barry, first commander of the United States navy; and the Reverend Timothy Mathew, leader of the temperance movement.

"The statue was dedicated on July 4, 1876, immediately following the reading of the original Declaration of Independence by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, at Independence Hall, and the attendant ceremonies. The Catholics formed in a parade and marched to the cathedral, Eighteenth and Race Streets, where they attended a solemn pontifical Mass celebrated by Archbishop James F. Wood. There are many persons still alive who remember that day and who marched in that parade which left the church and proceeded to the exposition grounds. The weather was intensely warm and the sun beat down upon the marchers as they filed along the wide avenue. . .

"The dedicatory services were opened by President Byrne of the Total Abstinence Union, who was followed by John H. Campbell, speaking for the Philadelphia branch of the organization of which he was president. An address was also made by Dr. M. O'Hara, leader in the movement for a fountain and who turned the first spadeful of earth when work on it was begun. The most important speaker at those exercises was John Lee Carroll, governor of Maryland, and great grandson of Charles Carroll of Carrollton of Revolutionary fame. It was he who turned on the water of the fountain for the first time, assisted by Charles S. Keyser of Philadelphia. Archbishop Wood was represented by the Reverend Joseph O'Reilly, who also addressed the throng.

"At that time the annual convention of the Total Abstinence Union took place in Philadelphia, and the sessions were interrupted for the dedication of the fountain. At the last convention of the organization it was voted to hold the next one in Philadelphia in 1926 in order to participate in the sesquicentennial celebration. It is more than likely that the society will prepare exercises which will be held on July 4 at the fountain, similar to those of fifty years ago. Various other national Catholic societies have decided to hold their annual conventions in Philadelphia next year, and at the same time join in with the city in the celebration of the sesquicentennial of American liberty."

It would seem entirely fitting that the national Catholic historical societies, of which one of the oldest and most notable bodies is native to Philadelphia, should play an especially prominent part in the Catholic participation in the exposition next year. The Catholic laity of Philadelphia have been notable in their activities, particularly in such movements as the Malvern Retreat House, and the Catholic Business Men's Forum. When Catholics themselves realize how vital and fundamental a part representatives of their faith, and principles issuing from that faith, have played in the upbuilding of the American nation, it seems a safe prophecy that they will devise proper means to spread the knowledge of these facts, first among themselves and then among the public in general. Philadelphia is one of the many cities of the country, such as St. Louis, Detroit, New Orleans, St. Augustine in Florida, San Francisco in California, and in particular, Baltimore, Maryland, which are centres of the diverse yet unifying influences emanating from the Catholic explorers, missionaries and settlers, which have now been absorbed and made part of the spiritual values and moral and physical strength of the republic. Heightened consciousness of the value of historical research and of the extension of true historical knowledge, can only lead to a proper increase of the appreciation which all Americans should share of the part played by Catholics in the founding and the progress of the nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FAITH AND THE PRESS

By HILAIRE BELLOC

WE CATHOLICS have all remarked what may be called the "vicious circle" of our presentation of the Catholic Church to our fellow-subjects. The whole purpose of describing Catholicism is to interest non-Catholics—for Catholics such description is superfluous. Yet nearly all our apologetics in England must appear in Catholic organs which the non-Catholic never sees; and this for the simple reason that the English press will not admit the Catholic standpoint; partly from dislike, but more from the fact that the Catholic judgment on anything from domestic morals to public policy seems to the average Englishman so absurd, eccentric, and perverse, as to be out of place in columns intended for general reading.

Apart from the more important (that is, the religious) results of so lop-sided a state of things, there is a political result which is most serious and the seriousness of which is increasing. The average non-Catholic in England, the average man representing the vast majority of the community and forming its public opinion, knows nothing of an institution which is much the most powerful in the world and is growing in power; which alone accounts for the nature of European civilization, for it produced that civilization; and which animates and gives their general tone to the very much greater part of European communities (outside Russia).

This ignorance of what the Catholic Church is lies at the root of misconceptions of the gravest kind in foreign politics. It lies at the root of the misjudging and under-estimating, especially of the Poles and of the Italians. It lies at the root of the absurdly exaggerated admiration of Prussia and of the Prussian organization of modern Germany. It lies at the root of our distorted official history teaching. The distortion of history produced by such ignorance may seem of small practical importance, but it is a weakening and a dangerous thing none the less.

When men do not know how it was they came to be what they are, their society resembles an individual who should have lost his memory. You get a very good example of this in the conflict between capitalism and Socialism.

The average English non-Catholic, being cut off from his Catholic past, does not know that there ever was a society in which wealth was well distributed. He imagines capitalism to have existed from all time, to be native to our blood, and therefore to be the only alternative to Socialism and the inevitable extreme of Socialism—Communism.

The result is that he fights Socialism with the wrong weapons and, indeed, introduces the worst principles of Socialism in all his attempts to modify the evils produced by capitalism. He transfers the responsibility for the bringing up of children from the family to the state. He provides state support for the mass of the population in illness and in old age. He registers, tickets, numbers and stamps the whole mass of the proletariat and, when you suggest that the restoration of a peasantry and a more equal distribution of wealth would be a far healthier way of arriving at the support of a population, he cannot believe that such things are possible. He knows and believes that they exist in foreign communities; but he has not only been taught to despise those communities, he is also ignorant of their nature, and the reason that he is ignorant of their nature is that he is ignorant of the force which made Europe.

It has always seemed to me a direct political duty to inform our fellow-citizens upon the nature of these institutions of which at present they know so little and to give them some working idea of what the Church is in order that they may understand Europe and their past, and, incidentally, attain a wholesome fear of the direction in which they are at present drifting.

The other day a certain popular newspaper, not of the most dignified sort, the Daily Express, announced with a flourish of trumpets that it was going to publish a number of articles by a number of "best sellers," each of whom should tell the world what "his religion" was.

Observe, in the first place, the characteristic assumption that "religion" means a private opinion or mood; but next that all these vague relations of equally vague moods or opinions were devoid of culture or traditions, and were so provincial as to interest an educated man in one point only; that the writers apparently do not know that there is such a thing on earth as the Catholic Church nor have the least idea of its quality or power. They talk of "the churches," using this phrase to connote the very large number of Protestant sects, but with no mention or knowledge of Catholicism. When one of them says (as they all say) that he can no longer accept the "outworn dogmas" of the "churches," he means that he rejects such isolated fragments of Catholic dogma as until recently survived in a warped form among an older generation of English Protestants. That there is a consistent body of philosophy called the Faith wherein dogma is not isolated and meaningless but coördinated and rational he cannot imagine.

It is exactly as if he were to say that he could not bear the smell of petrol "which is unavoidable in all forms of transport," showing by such a sentence that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he had never heard of, or left out of account, every steamship and railway in the world.

Not only popular writers and best sellers, from whom after all one does not expect a particularly high standard of culture, but men of real eminence among our contemporaries show the same astonishing remoteness from real and living European experience; the same amazing provincialism.

Thus one of the most deservedly respected scholars of the Church of England, Dr. Henson, of Durham, wrote on July 8 last in the Evening Standard, an article about the attitude of what he called "religion" (meaning presumably the various Protestant bodies) towards physical science, and said in parentheses that the Catholic Church had forbidden the study of science, notably in two documents, to wit: the Syllabus of Pius IX, and the Lamentabili of Pius X.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw this astounding sentence. It was as though a Frenchman had written that the rules of the House of Commons forbade a man to wear boots. I wrote a brief line at once to the paper (which the editor, to my surprise, published) asking the writer if he could give references to the particular passage in either of these documents which would support so enormous an assertion. He refrained from giving any such reference, for the very simple reason that no such reference exists. I suppose someone had told him that these two documents contained a papal injunction against the pursuit of physical science; that he had swallowed the enormous statement; that he had never read the documents himself, and that, on turning to them, as a result of my challenge, he found that they were quite different from what he had expected.

The incident is of no great magnitude. But is it not significant? Here is a man in the very first rank of the national culture, who is not only ignorant on an elementary point in contemporary history in a matter which covers the whole of our civilization, but does not think that his ignorance matters!

We may note another very significant and socially important aspect of the thing in the completely wrong notion which nearly every writer and speaker seems to have of what the Catholic attitude is towards any one of the great questions of the present day in economics, in science, in history, in politics.

I am perpetually coming across sentences in which it is taken for granted that the Catholic lies as far as possible "to the right" in an extreme position of refusing inquiry, experiment, research, redress of error or injustice, speculation in philosophy, restoration or creation of a better commonwealth, criticism of documents in history and of institutions in politics; an extreme position of immobility, routine, and blindness —whence there is supposed to start a gradual progress of thought less and less "conservative" until one reaches what may be called the "extreme left" of materialism, or atheism, or communism, or the rest.

In the present controversy on the origin of the human body, for instance, it is taken for granted that the Catholic mind exceeds the most benighted biblio-later in his literal interpretation of Genesis. In economic debate it is taken for granted that the Catholic mind will naturally be in support of plutocracy. In political debate it is taken for granted that the Catholic mind will never admit popular rule, or even the action of public opinion upon government. Nothing is more common to the average educated Englishman than the conception that discussion, debate, the analysis of causes and the search for first principles is cut off from the Catholic through his acceptation of authority. In point of fact, as any one of us can testify, the one and only society of men in the world where there is real debate, no shirking of facts, and most vigorous and free action of the intelligence, is the Catholic. An enemy might bring against our age-long history that it was burdened with a vast mass of useless discussion and of futile debate, and that we were forever splitting straws and philosophizing about every mortal thing, but it is sheer ignorance of one's subject to think of the Catholic community as a portion of humanity railed off, within whose boundaries, inquiry, debate, and definition, and all that goes with the use of the human mind, are shut out.

It is in society outside the Catholic Church, that you find taboos forbidding criticism of "experts," "modern opinion"—or even the newly rich.

Now, as I have said, this gross provincialism on the part of those who surround us, this exceptional ignorance upon the chief power in the modern world is becoming a source of national weakness.

Is any remedy discoverable for so dangerous a disease? I know of none except the perpetual discussion and instruction by the living voice, and, in print, books between covers, and the tract and the pamphlet. For the general agency of the press is not open to what would seem a mere extravagance. Nor, it must be added, are the great bulk of those who own our popular press today of sufficient education to understand the unique character of the Catholic Church, its challenge to existing society, and the importance of knowing what it is. Nor would they print the Catholic truth, save as an occasional "stunt," and the "stunt" press is an evil which men who boast the high Catholic culture should avoid like a bad smell. It is no breach of confidence to tell my readers that I was asked by the owners of the Daily Express to join their last "religious" sensation; that I refused, and that I am glad I refused. A little may be done by occasional query and occasional ridicule, but very little because those who are thus brought to book—and the great bulk of their readers—will not believe that the thing of which they know so little is what it is or has the importance it has.

For my own part, I fancy the awakening will come through some great political change in the larger world

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of continental Europe, which will gradually impress opinion with the results of the growing Catholic strength.

Just as those old-fashioned Protestants, who disliked and feared the advance of physical science in our time have been compelled, however ignorant, to accept its results, so this provincial ignorance of what the Catholic Church is, of its increasing power, and of its political significance, may at least be impressed through the discovery that its culture is making certain great and unmistakable advance upon the continent of Europe, that its birth-rate is not in peril—that it out-breeds—that it thinks more strongly and more clearly, and that its opponents in thought and in international action—such as Prussia—have weakened, while its exemplars—such as Poland and Italy—have, in the process of time, grown stronger.

To sum up; as it seems to me, nothing can be done through the press, save long-repeated challenge, letter, protest, and query; not by direct and sufficient statement; for such would either not be admitted, or admitted only in vulgar and degraded surroundings in some "yellow" paper as an occasional sensation.

Much may be done through that very slow process of pamphlet, speech, and book by which in the course of a whole generation the theory of Socialism (for example) was gradually extended to millions, where at first it appeared as the eccentricity of a very few.

But most will be done, not by us here in England, but by the logic of facts in Europe.

THE WINNOWING OF WOMANHOOD

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THERE is a beautiful old Marian title—"stella feminarum"—that comes appropriately to the head of a paper which, like this, would have something to say about the higher education of women. For that education, as conducted under religious auspices, is by no means a novelty. Centuries ago the example of Mary established both the great communities of feminine teachers, and the standards to which they would keep in their task. When, in the dusk of the Merovingian era, Queen Redegonde fled from a brutal husband to found a convent of her own in the blossomy south—a convent for the opening of which Fortunatus wrote his magnificent hymn—she carried with her a knowledge of those arts which, then, "it was meet a gentle damsel should know." A thousand other names are testimonials, with Teresa and Hilda at their head. The world's respect for convent education is based upon the world's experience. To that education, in our time, Benedetto Croce and many another man aloof from religious convictions, confides his daughters, knowing that they will be watched over by immaculate honor.

But no one will gainsay that the methods and objects of education have changed swiftly and radically in this age. The college, as Mr. Glenn Frank has reminded the citizens of Wisconsin, is one of the great contemporary puzzles. And no aspect of that college is more difficult to deal with than the circumstances and aims of feminine intellectual training. Has coeducation carried off a victory? Indeed not. The movement for segregation of the sexes during high school years will inevitably be extended to the undergraduate years in college. The moral, social, temperamental and educational losses of the present system are palpable. Nevertheless coeducation is the necessary result of certain stern demands which have been levied by our time. The great majority of women who now go to school are not sprung from a gilded stratum in which there need be no thought of a career. Wishing to prepare for one of the numerous professions now open to their sex, they have sought it where it is obtainable, on the same level and footing with men. And if the woman's college wishes to remain of service, it must cordially and squarely meet the new demands, knowing that older graces have given way to newer sciences.

All this, coming so suddenly, threw upon the shoulders of convent teachers a tremendous burden. First there was (and, of course, is) the matter of economic support. Whatever people may say, education is not a freely dispensed gift. It is something which, particularly in the case of higher education, is paid for by the public with solid cash. With the increased demand for improved equipment and more thoroughly prepared teaching—not to mention the craving for more fastidious housing and social regalia—the sisterhoods found themselves able to muster only very limited resources. True, they had what is termed a "living endowment;" but in many respects this term is a genuine delusion. While it is correct to say that parochial education is operated very cheaply, we must bear in mind that the cost of preparing and equipping a grade—or even a high school—teacher is comparatively small. The average active life of a person adequately trained for college instruction is probably twenty years; and since religious communities must provide for the long and arduous education of their selected members, must reckon with old age and sickness, and must bear the loss of those whom infirmity or other causes remove from the scene, they are likely to find that "living endowment" is largely a fallacy. And in practice many of the convent schools, for want of adequate endowments, have been driven to the expedient of raising fees to a height which makes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it impossible for any but daughters of the wealthy to be in attendance.

That such daughters are entitled to education in their own way, no one will deny. But neither America nor the sisterhoods could forget the others—the girls who, coming out of moderately circumstanced homes, must learn a useful profession and practise it, nor those girls who are included in that great throng we have in mind when speaking of "mass education." And therefore there has come to the front a new and highly significant development of convent education. The girls' day college is not a complete solution of the contemporary educational problem, but it is a step—a magnificent step—in the right direction. Such colleges have been established in New York, Brooklyn, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, and elsewhere. For the most part they have appeared in response to a call from the heirarchy, but as a rule no attempt is made to keep them purely diocesan in character. It is merely taken for granted that the bulk of the enrolment shall consist of girls who reside with their parents, who have certain practical ends in common, and who do not impose upon the teaching sisters the added duties of supervision, housing, and so forth.

The spirit in which this new endeavor has been carried on is extraordinary. If I select here one or another illustrative example, it is obviously only because they are well known to me. When Mary Manse was founded in Toledo, the department of romance languages consisted of something like two sisters and about two books. But though the sisters could not multiply themselves, they managed by dint of well-directed activity to raise sufficient funds to equip the department with a library vastly superior to what can be found in long-established men's colleges—a library of which Toledo ought to be proud. When the Sisters of Notre Dame began their college in Cleveland, they were for the most part engaged in elementary teaching. But after an effort, the story of which is sublime with minute and continuous heroism, the sisters gathered a faculty in which every degree is a stamp of valor, enterprise and honest intellectual achievement. Such colleges are attended by ever increasing numbers; and a good instance of their success may be seen in the rise and growth of Saint Joseph's College, Brooklyn, which —after a very humble beginning—has been obliged to curtail its enrolment and can insist upon a very high grade of scholastic efficiency.

Everything about these colleges is not yet perfect. The sisters themselves are quite conscious of what remains to be done before the ideal can have been attained. It also seems that they need time to develop the purpose which, it seems to me, has been sponsored especially by the day college—liberal professional training. And I sincerely hope the time will come when we shall have, in one or two places at least, similar colleges to prepare for law, medicine and possibly journalism. That such professions are now open to women is an indisputable fact; and the present tendency to concentrate upon teachers' training can, in the very nature of things, be merely temporary. In this connection it is worth noting that generous and far-sighted religious women have opened, here and there, self-supporting schools for girls that wish to learn trades. Manchester, New Hampshire, has what is probably the most successful institution of this kind; and the Sister of Mercy who supervises it might, if she cared to, have much of value to tell the world about a big educational problem. "Mass education" will not disappear round the corner because we think it troublesome, and these attempts to deal with it, made by brave sisterhoods, are among the most encouraging things on the horizon.

But it remains true that the fundamental need of every college system is scholarship of the highest possible grade. Who but the scholar can guide the work? Who else can dictate standards, uphold the tradition of emancipated mind, and promote the spirit of research? The respectable college of today has only one answer to make: the selection of its best personalities, at whatever cost, for the difficult discipline of self-advancement and productive intellectual leadership.

And here again, in spite of multitudinous demands for energy, the sisterhoods have struggled to meet the occasion. Perhaps—at least many think so—the best work now being done in research under Catholic auspices bears the signature of women; and one may venture the assertion that Sister Madeleva and Sister Mary, among others, have exemplified, with signal merit, the ideal of quality which will be of great importance in the future. High and fine scholarly achievement, the revivification of Christian civilization in its noblest forms, seems to me the supreme educational concern of today. "I wonder sometimes," says Sister Madeleva herself, "what non-Catholic scholars think of our apathy." That seems to me relatively unimportant—I wonder what we can honestly think of ourselves!

What has been said indicates some reasons why the public may have confidence in the energy and ability of the sisterhoods. But that public cannot be complacent or merely critical. It owes to the business of feminine higher education a very real spirit of coöperation. To carry on the training of many minds, you must have money. Yet I prefer to pass the financial problem by, for the sake of a few other considerations which seem paramount. First, the Catholic University of America was established to superintend Catholic scholarship and maintain appropriate standards. The university now has one sisters' college. It should have three or four, founded in various sections of the country, and manned in a fashion that would leave nothing to be desired of excellence or authority. It is distressing to know that religious women, already vastly overburdened, must wander

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hither and thither, searching under most adverse conditions for the requisite training. Secondly, there can be a very salutary effort to remove from the public mind outside the Church prejudice against Catholic candidates for professional positions. Such prejudice is generally founded upon ignorance rather than malice, and might be overborne were a frank, sincere, and open-minded campaign urged against it.

If, here at the end, I may be pardoned a personal reflection, it is pleasant to state that years of familiarity with sisters preparing for higher degrees has wholly convinced me—who probably needed more than a little proof—of their supreme generosity of spirit and essential loftiness of mind. I have seen them toil as only they can. Over a thousand letters have come to me from teaching sisters, many of whom I have never seen; and in every letter there was a light. For their purpose—surely the goal of all honest education under the auspices of Christian civilization—is, as was said by a poet who once served in a class-room, "to guide the flowering of minds in the spirit of God." To hold in your fingers the eager and plastic ambition of youth; to realize that you are teaching, not mere personal opinion but, in so far as your ability reaches, a portion of the supreme tradition of the human race; to know that, under different circumstances, you are joining hands with Bede and Thomas and the myriad masters of our sacred civilization—these are aspects of an ideal which towers above all other visions of earth, which can intoxicate, strengthen and humble.

IRELAND'S SENATE ELECTION

By CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN

THE recent election for Seanad Eireann, the first ever held, has in addition to the interest in its result the interest of a political experiment. The first Seanad was nominated by the Irish government on a broadly representative basis, and in accordance with the constitution, one-fourth of its sixty members retire every three years together with any coöpted members. This period having elapsed, a panel was formed consisting of three times as many qualified persons as there are members to be elected, of whom two-thirds were nominated by Dail Eireann voting on the principle of proportionate representation, and one-third by Seanad Eireann voting on the same principle. To this were added the names of retiring senators, and the country was therefore confronted with a panel of seventy-six names from which it had to choose nineteen senators voting by proportionate representation.

Difficult as this choice was to an electorate accustomed to vote upon the violently contrasted views of two or three familiar candidates, the difficulty was small compared with that of the candidate who had to make his claims apparent to a constituency of almost 1,250,000 voters. For in this extraordinary election the whole country is a single constituency, probably the biggest in existence, in which every adult over thirty years of age may vote. There was this further practical difficulty that no purely political organization went into the field in support of any group of candidates, and the ordinary agents of publicity had to be worked not by a party machine but by the individual candidate backed by whatever business interest he could command.

Cumann na Gaedheal, the government party organization, satisfied that all the candidates were supporters in one degree or another of the treaty, stood apart from the elections; the Republicans abstained from putting forward any candidates and presumably from voting, and the field was left open to individual ambitions and to business interests. A good deal may be said for a non-political record chamber framed on exclusively vocational lines, but the idea of vocational councils finding place elsewhere in the Irish Constitution, the present cumbrous system was adopted with, it would appear, not wholly satisfactory results. The initial nominations by the Dail and Seanad contained far too many names undistinguished by that record of public service which the constitution requires. The single constituency of 1,250,000 voters is too big for candidates to cover, and a panel of seventy-six names presents a difficult task in discrimination to the average voter. The ballot paper, measuring, twenty-eight inches by twenty-two, and standing four columns deep, appeared to him only one degree less intimidating than his income tax form. Finally the infectious enthusiasm generated by public meetings, party loyalties and political appeal was wholly absent. Electioneering was tacitly and expensively conducted through the post and by newspaper advertisement, and met the response which the printed circular usually encounters.

And so the percentage of votes was absurdly small ranging from 40 percent in the larger urban areas, to 10 percent in the rural districts. The average lay about 20 percent. Within these small figures it cannot be said that discrimination was finely exercised or that the pious hope of the constitution-makers was justified in anticipating a choice based mainly upon an honorable record of public service. If one name appeared on the panel fulfilling this condition it was that of Dr. Douglas Hyde, the founder of the deepest cultural movement in modern Ireland. But Douglas Hyde went down before the interested votes of farmers' and trades' unions, cattle-men and publicans. Tangible, sectional interests carried the day against disinterested

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

citizenship. This is not to say that anything partaking of corrupt influence was at work or that a sound record of good local administration was not rewarded, but that in a democracy uninspired by any vivid appeal or present peril, voters will vote for "the neighbor's child" or the representative of their own business interests.

The counting of votes in this large constituency under proportionate representation is a tedious business, and the complete results are not yet in. But the returns are sufficiently advanced to foresee the result. At the moment, a man distinguished by a long and creditable record of service in local administration heads the poll, and this class of candidate with an apprenticeship record upon the county councils is receiving full recognition. As a whole, the farmers' candidates had done exceptionally well, including special representations of the cattle and horse breeding interests. Labor, working through the trade-unions and with excellent candidates, is also coming successfully through the elections. Doctors have done better than lawyers, and the man with the country pull has defeated his town rival. The liquor interest, stricken with apprehension at the impending legislation which will probably reduce the number of public houses in the Free State by one-half, strained every effort in ensuring the return of two representatives. More than one-half of the retiring senators will fail to be reëlected. They will be replaced for the most part by men of not less practical ability, experienced in the conduct of local administration and perhaps of somewhat narrow outlook. But the functions of the Seanad are purely revisory, wherein the homespun virtues may be appropriately exercised; and though one may regret the absence of strands of finer quality, one is assured of a quite respectable competence.

THE BELLOWS EXHIBITION

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

THE memorial exhibition of the work of George Bellows—whose death in January, 1925, dealt a heavy blow to the art-world—fully demonstrates that he was a leader and explorer, enjoying to the utmost the freedom of the gospel, rather than a close follower of academic rulings. Directing his penetrating and original spirit into new fields of aesthetic expression, he left to less gifted artists the static and irrevocable.

At the Metropolitan Museum are gathered the fruits of a genius, which, essentially American, and nurtured in this soil, manifested itself in independence of outlook, in vigorous presentation of virile themes and in color-raptures—veritable ecstasies of color—which seem like translations of our own riotous springs and highly painted autumns. While singularly free from the weight of European influence, Bellows, by the virtue of his genius, established a family kinship with masters as widely separated as Giorgione and Renoir, and he has linked himself in his astonishing lithographs and drawings with creators as diverse as William Blake and Daumier. To Bellows art was far less a gallery achievement than a full-blooded embodiment of life itself.

His works on exhibition may be divided broadly into three classes—his lithographs and drawings—which illustrate on what a firm foundation of draughtsmanship his polychrome achievements were built—his landscapes and interiors with figures, and his amazing portraits which establish his title as a master in a division of art where the masters are few and the technicians many. No one since Franz Hals has depicted middle and old age with the vigor, tender humor and understanding of character that Bellows brings to the paintings of his Aunt Fanny, of his Portrait of My Mother, and of the two aged women in Eleanor, Jean and Anna. In the latter picture the old-fashioned American gentlewoman has her most brilliant exposition—as well as her grand-daughter. For Bellows is also a most sympathetic painter of children, evoking the winsomeness of childhood with a comprehension of the sources of its charm that Reynolds might have envied. In Jean, Anne and Joseph, the glamor of fairy-tales and of nursery days is diffused over the very hills; and it is the painter's subtle sense of the wide, vague, enchanted world of childhood that has transferred this imaginative world from the three small figures to the half-mystical landscape.

But in the adult portraits, the world is narrowed to the sitter, and, all that is nugatory, all that does not elucidate the personality of the subject, is eliminated. Here is more than brilliant technique, and skilful depiction of fabric, of flesh; more than full and ringing color. Beyond these achievements, Emma and Her Children, Dr. William Oxley Thompson, Emma in Purple Dress, Portrait of Katherine Rosen, Mrs. T. in Wine Silk, are unforgettable presentations of personality, entirely free from the sugar-and-cream elements of the fashionable portrait painter—which, by the way, Bellows never was. Through the short, brilliant years of his life his directness, his originality, his indifference to popularity, kept him sacredly apart in his own extraordinary cosmos.

His landscapes and interiors, swarming with figures, are syntheses of human drama, surcharged with vitality, and radiating a robust sense of the joys and vigors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of life very welcome in American art, too long under the sway of the pretty and the pictorial—the mere story-telling element in painting. Bellows is essentially of the modern spirit in the art-world, long since manifesting itself in the studios of Paris, but regarded somewhat with suspicion in this country, timid and distrustful of pioneer work both in art and letters, under the blighting puritan tradition, still active among us. France has her Monet, her Cézanne, her Redon—that painter of spiritual portents behind the "accidents" of matter—but in the United States the interpretation of the new order is still in the experimental stage, with such brilliant exceptions, among others, as Bellows, Albert Ryder and Arthur Davies.

Bellows is at once a dramatist and a dreamer, and in his range of sympathies touches extreme poles of artistic expression. The lithograph, The Dance in the Madhouse, the black and white rendering of a Stag at Sharkey's, are violent transcriptions of violent facts, magnificently rendered, but Amour, Punchinello in the House of Death, The Christ of the Wheel, are more than masterpieces of drawing. Here the artist passes into a world of symbolism and proves his understanding of spiritual realities.

He is essentially modern in his employment of color and in his preoccupation with the effects of light on form and volume. In The Sand-Team, the rounded heavy hills, broadly placed in light and shadow, convey the essense of the subject, as perfectly as the powerful team of horses in the foreground. The tempo of Rain on the River, Warships on the Hudson, and that enchanting landscape Easter Snow, is lively and vigorous. Detail gives place to broad sweep and fullness of line, its spirit conveyed less by particularities than by what is generous and general in the mood of locality. But he can move from the starkest realism to such unearthly beauty as suffuses The Picnic with its strange pale clouds over the broad, horizontal masses of the dark blue mountains, rising above the two enchanting little hills, reflected, solid for solid, in the deep water. Here, expressed through shadowy images and half-lights and extraordinary, thrilling color is the very mood of a picnic, its relaxation, its brief, dreamy joy.

Bellows's employment of the nude is a significant element in his art. The unclothed human form—long neglected by American painters in its adaptability to design—is again understood, to some degree at least, as the old masters understood it—the nude not so much as a depiction of flesh as a revelation of spirit, of which the Botticelli Venus is a supreme example. Ryder thus understood it in his Lancelot and Elaine, and Davies in many of his magical works. Bellows fully comprehended the decorative value of the human form, and in Riverfront, the swarming figures of the bathers are all, in a sense, the salients of the picture—the black wharf, the tug, the sail-boat being merely background to joyous humanity, factors of support or contrast. The emphasis, the intensity, is, by a paradox, diffused through all these bodies in attitudes of activity or relaxation. His art constantly elucidates the human drama, whether in that stark and colorful transcript of the slums, The Cliff Dwellers, or in the haunted painting of Gramercy Park, in which Bellows has established the perfect balance of the forces focussed in that little refuge; as much by the preoccupied figures under the trees, as by the strange, affecting play of light and shade. The child in the white dress in the foreground is the pivotal point of the composition, illustrating the feature of the little park which is most vivid in the memory; for generations of children have played under its old trees.

To pass from this picture to the prize-ring paintings, the Dempsey-Firpo Fight, Sharkey's, Both Members of This Club, Ringside Seats, is to realize the sweep of the painter's sympathies, the broadness of his human outlook, as well as his amazing technique in the presentation of crowds around the saw-dust of the prize-ring—his mastery not only of human figures in spirited, excited attitudes, but of those problems of high light and deep shadow which would be the despair of a lesser artist. He has employed them to heighten the tragedy of Edith Cavell, and to deepen the wild charm of the marine Evening Swells.

The mystical quality in Bellows's genius is shown in what is perhaps his greatest work, and one of his last—The Crucifixion. Deeply reverent and surcharged with dramatic feeling, it is also filled with such a poignant sense of sinning and suffering humanity, drawn to the suffering God, that the amazed and terrified forms seem to embody the turbulent history of the world, forever circling about the figure of Christ on the Cross. Religious painting in America has been so neglected, with such rare exceptions as the distinguished and beautiful work of Augustus Tack, that Bellows's Crucifixion—the climax of his art—is a matter for gratitude and hope to those who would gladly see a flowering of religious art, and an awakening devotion to the supreme themes of the Christian faith in the studios of painters throughout the country.

The Golden Tickseed

Now does the golden tickseed bloom its last;
The sweet alyssum, in their overthrow,
Breathe forth a final sweetness ere the blast
Of Autumn sounds and ere the firstling snow.
Now do the glad petunias, row on row,
Falter and fail, while to the ground they cast
Memorial petals—richly dying so.
The August days are done. Summer is past.

And I who love you, shall as quietly go
Out of your heart forever, whether we cry
"Not yet!" and whether we will it or no.
How else, then, shall another spring come by
Or other blooms attain the sun, and blow?
Summer is past. Even a rose must die.

GUSTAV DAVIDSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LATTER-DAY SNOBS

By ELISABETH MARBURY

IN OLDEN days nothing was easier to detect, at first glance, than snobs. They were simple and obvious. There was no town so small as not to possess one either as an exhibit or as a subject for conversation. Like the doctor or the lawyer or the dentist, the snob was a local institution. His desire to know the owners of the house on the hill, to be received by them, or to be on terms with the "city folk" when they drifted down for the summer—there was nothing complex about his aim or his object in life. He was getting on socially and was proud of the fact; "why not?" He could not afford to be sentimental. He had to think of his future. To chuck the girl with whom he had been "keeping company" for years might make him the object of unkind criticism in his home town, but what cared he for that; he was so soon leaving it that it did not much matter.

If he were born in the city the same influences were at work. I knew a good-looking fellow once who went into the navy. It was his best chance of social advancement, for his father made fiddles, just plain "fiddles" in a back alley in an adjacent town. When this youth had shore-leave, he always spent it in New York. Soon his visits home grew fewer and fewer, until one day his handsome appearance and his cold-blooded brain landed him an heiress. The rest was easy. In a comparatively short time he became the president of one of our largest corporations, and the master mind in a flourishing industry. The father kept on making his fiddles, but for twenty years before he died, he never saw his magnificent offspring, nor did the latter ever let the society he graced into the secret of his origin. The music of the old man's instruments became only a discordant memory in the mind of his son, the snob.

This kind of getting on was simple. Undoubtedly the same malady which is an epidemic in this generation, has been always present. Snobbishness today is in all and over all. The criminal's handcuff when snapped upon the wrist is as nothing compared with that almost invisible bracelet of slavery worn by the man and woman who today have before them the Mecca of getting on. They can never draw an easy breath.

How can we classically describe the church snob—that oily gammon individual who carefully selects a place of worship whither he can hie himself on a Sunday morning immaculately tailored and indisputably well-groomed? He is apt, especially if he is not a Christian by race, to rent a conspicuously expensive pew in a Protestant church which is slowly becoming the first synagogue of the city which it adorns.

Then have you ever met the restaurant snob? The man or woman who, in becoming a patron of one of the most modish of these resorts, calls the head waiter by his first name, "Theodore," "Pierre," "Louis," as the case may be, bestowing upon him ostentatiously a very large tip, which afterwards gives the donor the privilege of boasting—"Oh Theodore always takes care of me," and Theodore, mindful of benefits to come, bows obsequiously to his patron the next time and conducts him to a table marked "reserved" which is thus regarded as an eternal source of revenue. The economies practised under the circumstances are usually made on the poor devil of an ordinary waiter whose tip is small in proportion as his chief's is large.

Then the snob who has the problem of education to face for his children. What infinite pains he takes, with the aid of his equally ambitious wife, to see to it that their offspring goes only to the most fashionable and distinguished schools and colleges that can be discovered. From the moment they are born, the sons are entered at such places of learning as have the longest and most exclusive waiting lists. Whether the curriculum and discipline of such schools is the best, little matters. Thus parish schools and church colleges are often shunned by those parents who are eagerly seeking social advancement for their children.

And how many are the red-hot plowshares over which the snobs' feet must tread when it is a question of clubs. What a field for effort these represent. In their eyes it is far easier to get into heaven than to beat down many of those unwritten barriers which force them to stand on the wrong side of the portals, shivering, isolated, yet always hoping.

No one is so much your enemy as the man you have befriended. To help a fellow when he is in financial straights, is frequently the surest way of having the latter do nothing to support your name when it comes up for admission to his club. That is the one place in the world where he can be sure of never seeing you, hence never reminded of the obligation he owes.

I know of a women's club in this city which was originally small and exclusive, yet, as is often the case, it was decided to remove it uptown, to increase its size and consequently its membership. It has now degenerated into a caravansary of pushing, struggling femininity, who fondly believe that membership in it has added a social lustre to them, which even a diamond tiara cannot equal. The rooms are vast and impersonal. The spacious library is deserted. The fire crackles before an empty lounge during many hours of the day. But at the social functions the rush begins and the new members delight to be able at last to sit in the members' dining room, to attend the ball-room symposiums, to write to their less fortunate friends on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

club paper and to use the plural pronoun when referring triumphantly to "our club."

Then what shall we say about the snob whose diet is selected by his social ambitions? To eat terrapin when he infinitely prefers codfish balls. To order a wild duck rather than a beefsteak. To swallow artichokes instead of spinach. To turn away from a blueberry pie in favor of a water ice. To refuse doughnuts and to take "petits fours." Oh, it is a hard life when the old-fashioned, all around American cook is supplemented by a French chef—yet the snob dares not have it otherwise. He must "entertain," as it is called.

And what are snobs' houses as a rule? Is there a more pitiful sight than one of these grandiose mansions, prepared by a professional decorator and furnished by an antique dealer? Every sacrifice of comfort is apparent. Unfamiliarity with their surroundings is evident. The owners of all the luxury, if they were really nice people, would have been discovered sooner or later by the very men and women they wished to know, so that gradually their houses would have been warm with the sympathy of friends and not cold with the criticism of the curious.

Then we have the traveling snob to reckon with. The man who crowds upon the expensive ocean liner; who pays his morning visit to his fashionable Franco-American bank merely to nod to his American acquaintances; who boasts of his knowledge of every broadly advertised "specialty" in every historical restaurant in Paris; who remains ignorant in the midst of learning; who reproduces Newport in Paris, while gathering Paris to transplant to Newport; who turns his back upon any information which might savor of sightseeing or of tourist energy.

And the card snob! He must not be omitted. That youth who is so elated at the invitation to spend a week-end in some country home which is little else but a gambling hell, that he accepts it with no hesitancy, notwithstanding the fact that he is earning only a small weekly stipend and that he can ill afford to lose at either bridge or Mah-Jongg, which all the guests are expected to patronize. Our friend goes down, and on the very first evening his courage is put to the test. He is asked to play. He is too much of a coward to refuse. Hour after hour his losses go on. Surely his luck must change. The next day at any rate it will be different, but a few good hands seem hardly to help the situation. He pulls his little check book out of his pocket, with trembling hand he signs for the full amount, wondering from whom he can eventually borrow in order to make that same check good. Never mind, he is as last in "the smart set," that set with which he has struggled to become identified ever since he reached the metropolis from his home town in Ohio. When he leaves to be motored back to town on the Monday morning, he has just enough money in his pocket for his fees to the various servants. He may have fooled others, but not them. The last in line is the butler, an inflated and pompous individual who stares at him with but little concealment of contempt. Nervously, the snob takes out two dollars (all he has left) which he thrusts into the hand of this impressive personage only to have it returned with the mortifying statement—"Excuse me, sir, but I never take small change." The fact is, that at last the snob has met his equal, because where are snobs so universal as in the servant class? Maids and valets in the houses of the great, are such snobs as cannot be equaled, and their vast experience makes them inexorable in their judgment. They can neither be deceived nor diverted. Their analysis is as keen as the blade of a razor. The contents of the bags and boxes they unpack tell them the story. It makes no difference whether the clothes are old or new, whether the toilet cases are filled with real shell or pyralin, these servants know whether the guests whom they are about to serve are to the manor born, or whether they are just plain snobs and social climbers.

Servants, as a rule, worship wealth. Their reaction is invariably in its favor. They adore the flesh-pots of Egypt even when prepared by themselves. Toil, under the circumstances, means nothing. The servants' hall is permeated with the atmosphere of grandeur which envelopes them with its glory. The imperious mistress who regards them only as a mechanism contributing to her comfort inspires their best service. One and all they literally run themselves off their feet to minister to her caprices and to respond to her follies.

Old family servants are as hard to find as the remains of a dinosaur. They have become extinct. International travel has produced another species. The servants of today have associated with as many lords and ladies as have the millionaires by whom they are employed. They have done their season in London; they have traveled from Paris to the Riviera; they have come into contact with all the royal refugees. Coronets and ropes of pearls are familiar objects. They have had their training in a school of snobs from which they automatically graduate.

Finally, we are reminded of the worst of all snobs—the intellectual snob. What a nuisance he has become! There seems no way to suppress him, and no way to escape him. The book publishers turn out their fiction to cater to these so-called intellectuals. The authors struggle to become more incoherent and more involved in their style of writing. You read about blue hortensias, only to realize that their fluttering leaves are to remind you of a railroad whistle. The heroine must have the complex of vice, so as to produce confusion in her character. She indulges in chronic adultery merely that she may not be suspected of any wholesome joy in living. She turns her back upon a perfectly decent husband so as to select for her soulmate, a loathsome degenerate. The heroes are little more edifying. They are, robbed of all glamor, an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emasculate group of repellant egoists, who talk in phrases which are presumably epigrams, but which as a rule are deadly inanities. The better the English, the purer the style, the more noble the thought, the less has such fiction any place upon the bookshelves of today. If the writer comes from overseas, the product of modish society in a foreign country, that is quite enough to advance his prices and stimulate his market.

It is the same with art, and above all it is the same with drama. The so-called art-theatres are increasing by leaps and bounds. Amateur acting and amateur management are multiplying. Scenic artists are replaced by upholsterers and curtain hangers. The more incomprehensible and boresome the entertainment, the larger the audience. No one dares to say that the play is bad and that the performance is boring. The critics are as much snobs as the readers. They take themselves so seriously that they lose all sense of comedy. They discover geniuses over night. They are rulers in the great army of snobs who become their ardent and admiring disciples.

Snobs, snobs everywhere! Yet, in contemplating them, we can take a little comfort in the thought that in reality they are the most wretched, unhappy people on the top of the globe. They live to be in evidence from morning until night. The hangman's noose is ever about their necks. Poor creatures—they are to be pitied, not envied.

Statement

Oh, I shall hide it in a veil of sound—
I shall make pleasant fictions, to enhance
The moment when by tricky moves of chance
We find ourselves again on shifting ground;
If I acknowledge that I still am bound
Remembering a voice—that one swift stroke
Will yet beat ash and ember into smoke—
You need not think that all this will be found

A symbol of surrender to a thing
I have long known to be a witch's lure;
You will be always wise enough to bring
A light to show you where the path is sure;
I do not walk your way; in your design
No space was ever left for hand of mine.

LORETTA ROCHE.

Moon Magic

Moons have I seen, but only one believe in—
This pallid thing can never be the moon:
She lives in Luxor by a languid river,
Making the gardens silver like a swoon,
And all the world is different where she watches.

Words have I heard, but only one remember—
"Lover"—it echoes morning, night and noon.
Was it the moon—or you, who spoke? No matter—
For you are gone; and this is not the moon:
She waits in Luxor by a languid river.

DOROTHY CRUIKSHANK.

THOSE RICH, FAR PLACES

By R. DANA SKINNER

WHAT an astounding paradox it is that the utmost explorations of science serve only to deepen the utter mystery of life, of love and of death! When science has gloriously answered the first questions of childhood, when it has told you how the laws of life tread mightily onward, you still find yourself bowed humbly before the ultimate and greater question of all mankind—the immutable and unanswerable, why?

The more complex the organism which science has disclosed, the more awful and imperative becomes this question of why the organism should exist at all—of why the soul should aspire, of why the will should hunger, of why the flames of love should consume and purify, of why beauty should be born only of anguish. The spirit of man trembles and recoils before the enlargement of these mysteries, and then it is that the soul of the artist sets forth to those "rich, far places where to him shines the face of God."

These mystical words are not drawn from any book of prayer. They are the words of a theatrical producer of New York, of a man who has revealed his inner and nobler thoughts only in a moment of inspiration, standing before the naked soul of a great artist of the theatre. They are from the introduction of Arthur Hopkins to a book of drawings for the theatre by Robert Edmond Jones.* I have quoted them with thankfulness because they illuminate so much that has seemed mysterious and inexplicable in the strivings of the newer art of the theatre, so much that rises as a challenge to our sympathy and deeper understanding.

The various groups of men and women directing the leading "experimental theatres" have been accused far too often of an exaggerated interest in the grotesque, the bizarre and the purely expressionistic aspects of the theatre. It seldom occurs to the captious critics to dig beneath the surface results and to ask themselves seriously whether in this groping, this stretching toward far horizons, and this frequently imperfect attainment, there is not the inescapable evidence of sincerity and ever increasing purpose. Artistic genius is quite as fallible as science itself, but with the added excuse that it is exploring regions where logic and observable facts are of small help. The artist must, of necessity, have in him something of the true mystic. His creative endeavor must travel the paths of imperfection, of partial illumination, of deep and terror-stricken night, of the temptation of pride, of the glow of humility. It is only at rare moments that he finds himself gifted with utter clarity of sight and insight and with the simultaneous power to create in outward form the truth of his inner vision. His work, as it passes before us in daily panorama, must be judged with the same fine charity with which we appraise the progress of any soul toward perfection—that is, by its fixity and nobility of purpose rather than by the number of its pitiful and bold failures.

I have heard it said that the experimental theatres, by permitting their imagination to leap too far, have landed in a chasm of mediocrity or absurdity. At the very least we should credit them with the courage of the leap. Perhaps further study and effort at understanding would show that from each plunge to failure, they have risen a little higher than before. This, at least, is the impression gathered from scanning the

** Drawings for the Theatre, by Robert Edmond Jones. New York: Theatre Arts, Incorporated. $5.00.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bold and often poignant drawings of Mr. Jones, so exquisitely and faithfully reproduced in this new book. They breathe the spirit of pilgrimage. Taken by themselves, they unfold a poem of attainment. They clarify by their richness, their courageous symbolism, their stark economy of detail, the ideal which the experimental theatre has set in its firmament. But in doing this, they also lay bare the tragedy of many sad failures. The fusion of mood which Mr. Jones has created in his drawings has often been lost in translating the artist's vision to the stage itself. Somewhere in the maze of carpentry, painting, lighting and the challenge of a third dimension viewed from many seating angles, the primitive beauty and truth of the sketches have either disappeared or been sorrowfully compromised. "This is what I have given you," says Mr. Jones in his pictures. And the theatres can only respond with a bowed head and an unyielding purpose to struggle higher the next time.

Of course the theatrical compromise has not always been fatal. Often it has been able to retain the essential mood of the artist. A notable example of this was the production of Hasenclever's Beyond in the small confines of the Provincetown Playhouse. It gave something of the immeasurable space indicated in the fireside drawing in the present book. The proportions had to be altered, but the mood remained. Or again in the irony of the mirrored room for Congreve's Love for Love, achievement was almost equal to the original conception. But most of the drawings fill one with a sense of sadness and irreparable loss in the knowledge that no theatre has yet conveyed to its audience the full richness and mastery of Mr. Jones's creative designs. His poetry has been turned into halting prose, his mobile fancy into rigid forms, his flaming lights and moving contrasts, fraught with the mystery of dreams, into the sharp definitions of electricity and floor space.

Yet perhaps the loss is not quite irreparable. We now have the permanent record of the drawings themselves. And we have, beside, the evidence that even their imperfect translation to the stage has brought a new completeness and a fresh ideal of poetic unity to the theatre of today. The revolt against photographic realism has been well started and we have the measureless satisfaction of knowing that it is not a negative revolt. In its intentional abandonment of the unessential, in its striving toward a visual fulfilment of the dramatist's own dreams, and in its bold quest for "those rich, far places" where, as Mr. Jones himself tells us, one finds "a glowing air, a region of fire wherein the soul of the artist must move forever and have its being"—in these high purposes the revolt has risen to a splendid creative impulse. Mr. Jones is doing for the plastic and pictorial art of the drama what Wagner did for its musical expression. He has shed a new glow upon the ceaseless movement of the theatre toward its unattainable goal —the interpretation of man and the mystery encircling him.

But of Her Lips

But of her lips he made a song;
  But of her eyes he made a stave.
The sight of her, the light of her
  Were all she ever gave.

But of her cruelty he wrought
  A song, and of her scornful head.
His song will live on living lips
  When she is dead.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

COMMUNICATIONS

CAN THE COLLEGES COÖPERATE?

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—As a Barnard graduate whose own daughters are now in a Catholic convent school, I beg to offer a few thoughts on the subject of Catholic colleges. The question is vital to me, as I have eventually to make the choice for my children between my own alma mater and, among others, Saint Elizabeth's or Manhattanville, or New Rochelle.

First of all, may I say, in order to forestall any unfriendly attitude, that I am not only a Barnard alumna, but that I number among my most intimate and cherished friends nuns and priests in many orders and in many lands. And so I want to propose—"All honor to Mr. Molanphy, and to Sister Mary Vincent, and to the graduate of the College of New Rochelle!" It is refreshing to see such energy in the expression of opinion. The whole question arose, I think, out of The Commonweal's discussion of Catholic lethargy, and everybody ought to be glad to witness such signs of vitality, not to say pugnacity. Of course, scholastic people would like to observe a controversy conducted in a more restrained and academic way; but I, for one, am delighted to see a good hot fight. When everybody has spoken up, and all our emotions are relieved, we may begin to realize the value of Thomistic delicacy and finesse in argument.

"Cut your garment according to your cloth!" The Roman empire, it is said, succeeded because of the Roman's ability to acknowledge facts, and to give people a free rein. It is also claimed that the British empire is based on the same policy, and that the colossal failure of England and Ireland was due to her violation of that policy. So, to Mr. Molanphy, I would say—"Measure your cloth!" The Catholic colleges exist. They are the cloth out of which is to be cut the garment of future Catholic education. To talk of "restriction" is not the way, so its seems to me, to achieve the high ideal which Mr. Molanphy so evidently desires. The Catholic college movement is one of the strongest tendencies of the time. Why restrict it? Why not rather look ahead and try to perceive what great thing for the future can be fashioned out of this vast amount of material? The Catholic colleges are here. Is there any one of them which would declare that it has reached a state of perfection as a college? Is any one of them resting on its laurels? I should say that they all seem rather to be working feverishly to raise their standards and to train their faculties. And so they merit no destructive criticism. But I am sure they welcome constructive suggestion. What constructive suggestion?

I take my point from the letter of the Catholic Graduate of the College of New Rochelle—the glory of the mediaeval university. Surely all the religious conducting Catholic colleges would look forward to a day when we, in the twentieth century, might have great Catholic universities like Bologna, Paris, Padua, where Dominicans and Franciscans taught side by side. In America, was not the Catholic University a high-hearted attempt at something of the kind? It has a hard struggle; but the attainment of a great ideal presupposes labor—even unto death. In New York we see Columbia University, made up of many colleges, academic and professional. Can we not aim at such a Catholic university in New York—here, where the men and the money are plentiful? Could not all the small Catholic colleges in the vicinity of New York maintain their separate existences, with all the advantages inhering in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small college; and, at the same time, coöperate to maintain a great university? To be very definite—could not all the colleges, for men and for women, offer their usual academic course of four years and, besides, a three-year course leading to university work at a great coöperative university in Manhattan? The best professors of all these colleges could give of their invaluable scholarship to thousands, instead of to hundreds. And we should see a truly Catholic faculty made up of Dominicans and Sisters of Charity, Jesuits and Paulists, Franciscans and Madames of the Sacred Heart, Christian Brothers and Ursulines, Holy Child Nuns, Sisters of Saint Joseph and Salesians.

It would be a Christian and a Christ-like community of interest and purpose, and would tend to maintain a high standard in all the contributing colleges. Would not the by-products of such an institution bring great good to the Church? All the youths and maidens, observing all religious orders with energies bent to one great purpose, would perhaps be fired with similar zeal, and novitiates would fill up.

Another point missed in this controversy is that, since it is true, as Father Cox points out, there is something "wrong with the American college," then we Catholics have a God-given opportunity to produce the university which can, in itself, be an answer to all the questions being propounded by educators the world over. Present systems of education are far from perfect, both Catholic and non-Catholic. It is not in our power to reform Columbia or Harvard or Yale. But we can surpass them. Shall we not try? Having in twenty-two years made such magnificent strides forward, can we not now take one more big jump? Then no young Catholic will be tempted to go to Yale for dramatic art, or to Johns Hopkins for medicine or applied psychology.

To sum up, the Catholic college movement is magnificent. But, with success, we must avoid that spirit of complacency which bars the road to further advancement and closes our eyes to the ever fresh fields all about us.

My own experience with religious teaching communities has brought me to the conviction that they, of all people, can achieve that greatly-to-be-desired balance between conservatism and open-mindedness, which is the qualification of the leader. If all Catholic college faculties are open-minded and ready to sense the new needs of new times, then the achievements that lie ahead of Catholic educators are to be measured only in terms of eternity.

KATHERINE DELMONICO BYLES.

OUR DUTY TOWARD EDUCATION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I cannot claim a very long acquaintance with American Catholic colleges, for I have been in this country only five and a half years; but in that time as I have taught in two colleges on the Pacific coast, and am at present teaching in three local colleges—three that are among the half dozen or so that Mr. Molanphy singles out for the invidious honor of being named by him—I have at least some right to be heard. Moreover, the variety of my experience as a professor of English literature has been amplified by the circumstance that I have visited or lectured at the majority of the Catholic colleges in the country. And coming from Europe, with its Catholic universities so justly admired by Mr. Molanphy, I must confess to feeling astounded at what has been accomplished in so short a time in America.

That there is a certain element of truth in Mr. Molanphy's accusations must, I think, be admitted; but the defects of our Catholic colleges are, except in one particular, the defects of the whole scholastic system of America. The sole advantage that the secular institutions have over the ecclesiastical is that the secular institutions have more money and the social prestige that accompanies it. Any fault that may be found should be charged to our wealthy Catholics who have not yet learned the duty that rests upon them of adequately supporting higher education. It is monstrously unfair to accuse the religious orders which, for lack of other endowment, have been obliged to rely upon nothing except the heroic self-sacrifice of their members.

Yet perhaps it is, in many ways, better so. Otherwise there would be the grave danger of our accepting the current mechanistic illusions with regard to education. We have not yet come to estimate the appliances of culture as being of more importance than culture itself. In this connection, Mr. Molanphy has no doubt heard of Mark Hopkins.

Mr. Molanphy's main contention for the centralization of learning is, it seems to me, impracticable, even if not actually undesirable; and his dark hint about sacrificing our colleges in favor of stronger Newman Clubs at the non-sectarian universities would be—if there were any serious likelihood of its being acted upon—nothing short of disastrous.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

PROMINENCE AND EMINENCE

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—When the author of the communication headed "Catholic Colleges" exploded his bomb in your issue of September 23, it was his intention, no doubt, merely to startle Catholic educators sufficiently to make them sit up and take notice and prepare to explain how it was that their institutions had produced so few eminent men. But it happened, unfortunately, that along with the honest powder required to make the proper noise, he mixed in some other ingredients of a less innocuous nature. In consequence, it was easy to perceive a very disagreeable odor arising from the unworthy insinuation that the need of the paltry tuition fees of a few backward pupils influenced the college authorities to the detriment of the school's efficiency. On reading this, one felt inclined to exclaim with King Lear—"Pah, give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

Some laughing gas was also released in connection with the remarks about girls' colleges; this was very effective, but the laugh took a different turn from that intended, at least so far as the Catholics of Chicago were concerned. They called to mind how year after year the graduates of their girls' high schools were so successful, both in number and high grades, in competition with the graduates of the public high schools for the position of teachers, that the school board brought forward a measure to allow only a fixed number to be chosen from any one school.

Finally, something of a smoke screen enveloped the following statement and doubtless was accountable for its vagueness—"A Catholic college has no reason for existence if it be not in a position to afford ideal opportunities for the pursuit of culture." Clarified a little, it will pass muster as follows—A Catholic college has no reason for existence if it be not in a position to afford adequate instruction in the required subjects.

Supposing now, for the sake of argument, that Catholic colleges have not to their credit their proper quota of eminent men, it can be clearly shown that this could not result from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any deficiency in these institutions for, as a matter of fact, they are fully up to the required standard. This is proved by the rating given them by the various boards to whom the duty of grading colleges and universities is committed. From their reports we learn that forty-two Catholic colleges situated in eighteen different states and the District of Columbia are fully approved as four-year colleges; that of the many hundred law schools in the country, only fifty-nine are in class A, and of these, eight are Catholic schools; that all our medical schools are in class A, and one of them has a higher record during the past twelve years than either Harvard or Johns Hopkins.

It would be easy to show that our colleges have produced any number of prominent men; but there is a great difference between prominence and eminence. By eminent men is meant, for instance, those who have acquired such a mastery of some branch of learning as to be universally acknowledged as an authority in it; those who have enlarged the field of knowledge by some important contribution; those who have made some new and valuable application of existing knowledge; and those, finally, who have done both—discovered new truths and applied them to beneficent purposes, as did Pasteur.

Understanding the word eminent in this sense, it seems to me that the present inquiry is premature in one respect and yet very timely in another. Premature, because the majority of our Catholic higher institutions of learning have not been in existence long enough for their graduates to become eminent—give them time. In another respect, this discussion is very opportune, for now is the time to seek out and give special help and encouragement to those whose talents and abilities give promise of achieving eminence in the future.

If only as much pains be taken to secure, assist and train youths of intellectual promise as are being taken to secure prospective foot-ball stars, there will be no need of asking, fifty years from now, where are the eminent graduates of Catholic universities, for there will be so many in evidence as will render such a question entirely superfluous.

(Rev.) T. J. Livingstone, S.J.

THE SPIRITUAL IN EDUCATION

Canton, O.

To the Editor:—As a graduate of Saint Elizabeth's College, Convent Station, New Jersey, I am, naturally, interested in the letter of C. Molanphy in The Commonweal for September 23, particularly his references to Catholic women's colleges.

Disregarding Mr. Molanphy's sweeping assertion that there are no opportunities for "scholarship, culture and self-development" in these institutions, with the thought that, perhaps, these specific charges will be refuted by the faculty of some of the colleges in question, who are qualified to answer them in detail, I wish to state merely that it appeals to an interested Catholic that the whole spirit of his criticism is unfair and indicates a lack of understanding of the facts.

If material benefits and a materialistic culture were the sole ends of education there might possibly be some justification for some of Mr. Molanphy's criticism. The most important phase of Catholic education—the spiritual—he has ignored. He has judged it entirely from a worldly standpoint, but, even so, has failed to recognize that the Catholic women's colleges of which he speaks are—compared to the great European universities—in an embryonic stage, the oldest of them, Saint Elizabeth's, being but twenty-seven years in existence. He should know that, in spite of their youth, the degrees of four of these colleges are nationally recognized by the American University Association, namely Saint Elizabeth's, Trinity, Saint Catherine's at St. Paul, Minn., and Saint Teresa's at Winona, Minn., while many of the others are given high ratings by sectional collegiate associations and educational bodies, the proportion probably being about equal to the recognition given non-sectarian colleges by the same bodies.

I have met many members of the faculty of these various Catholic colleges at conventions of the American Association of University Women and of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae. I have been especially impressed with their earnestness, their eagerness to learn from the experience of others and their apparent desire to embody in their schools only the finest and best educational policies available. They are, by no means, "complacent in the production of mediocrity." If Mr. Molanphy would make the rounds of the larger universities, both Catholic and non-sectarian—particularly during the summer session—he would see many hundreds of nuns who are, every year, seeking diligently, intelligently and conscientiously to find the best practices of the older colleges. The aim of the sisters, in their colleges as in their secondary schools, is primarily, of course, spiritual culture—the implanting in the minds and hearts of the young those fundamental principles which will make them staunch and sturdy Catholic women. Today, when educators everywhere, at every meeting and convention, are endeavoring to find a way to put religion into the curricula of non-sectarian institutions in order to counteract the evils, which, it is pretty generally acknowledged, have overtaken the youth of our day, it little behooves any one to cry down Catholic education which, of its very essence, tends to build and develop character.

It may be that there are too many Catholic colleges; perhaps, as yet, they do not all meet the highest educational standards but we, as Catholics, should be very grateful that there are fifty or sixty such colleges in the United States, where thousands of our girls who may be what Mr. Molanphy calls "inferior students" have an opportunity to come under the influence of the sisters. These same Catholic girls would, otherwise, drift—still as "inferior students"—into non-sectarian colleges where the influence of materialistic philosophy, the careless moral attitude of many of their fellow-students and the superficial culture which is, after all, common to many so-called higher institutions of learning would result in a complete loss of their most precious possession—their faith.

Among certain people there has always been a tendency to criticize the work of the sisters. For years it was said that the parochial schools were not on a par with the public schools. Mr. Molanphy knows that the records in New York City show that, year in and year out, the pupils of the parochial schools excel those of the public schools in the same Regents' tests. A similar situation exists quite generally throughout the country. We who have lived with nuns and have known them, who have been guided, directed and inspired by them during our school life and afterwards, who honestly feel that we can attribute any good there is in us to their influence and example during the formative years of high school and college, know that they will succeed in this new work, as they have succeeded in their every undertaking in the past. The growth of their colleges may be slow, but it will be permanent because based on the sound foundation of the true meaning of education. In this work, as in all others, however, the sisters must have the support, coöperation and, perhaps, the constructive criticism of all Catholics throughout the country.

Josephine McGowan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT AND FORDHAM

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Molanphy's communication relative to Catholic colleges, published in your issue of September 23, has been so ably answered that the subject might appear exhausted. Yet it seems fitting that, when all Catholic colleges are attacked, each should say a word in their defense.

If one agreed with Mr. Molanphy's assertion, as I do not, that Catholic colleges have not produced a large number of students "who have achieved distinction," one might readily admit it to be probable "that the reason is primarily a financial one." It might still be questioned, however, whether this reason has been "made more acute by the unwise policy of the founders of many Catholic colleges," or by the lack of interest many Catholics manifest in the upkeep of their institutions of learning.

The athletes of Catholic colleges, Mr. Molanphy states, "make few records." This statement is rather confusing. Along which line does Mr. Molanphy wish Catholic colleges to progress—that of culture or that of athletics?

With regard to incompetents and dead-weights, I think that a brief conversation with the registrar of any one of the colleges that he mentioned would convince Mr. Molanphy that "the large number of such students" does not make necessary "modification of courses, and the retarding of students who are of university grade." In no self-respecting college are such students allowed to remain after the completion of the freshman year.

"When the faculty needs to be augmented, the Catholic college rarely has the funds to pay the salary of a really good man." If this be true, there must be a large number of "really good men"—and women—who are not paid for their services. I refer of course to professors other than members of the religious order by which the college is maintained; these latter, as Mr. Molanphy must know, neither receive nor desire remuneration.

I might hesitate to speak of Catholic women's colleges, since "that question brings up absurdities," were I not quite certain that anything I may say about them can hardly be more absurd than some of Mr. Molanphy's own statements. Let me quote a few.

"It seems to be the aim of every religious community of women to establish a college without considering resources, equipment, or its own ability to understand the problem." Experience does not prove that it is "the aim of every religious community of women to establish a college;" it does prove, however, that when such a community is requested by ecclesiastical superiors to establish a college, its members consider their resources most carefully; endure any hardship that will aid them in obtaining the best possible equipment; and make every effort, both by personal study and by consultation with the faculties of colleges already established, to gain a clear understanding of the educational problem.

It may be "a strange thought to the faculty [of a Catholic college] that a graduate should pursue the liberal arts, or look toward a career in social service." Present conditions would seem to make such a thought familiar. I could prove the existence of these conditions in connection with many Catholic colleges, but I shall confine myself to the two institutions of learning of which I have the honor to be an alumna—the College of Mount Saint Vincent and Fordham University.

Mount Saint Vincent is still young, yet already are its students found in the fields of law, medicine, art, literature, and social service. Of those who have become teachers, many are engaged in high schools, some in colleges. Were I to cite the avocations followed, the distinction achieved, by the students of Fordham University, my open letter would become a book.

"Scholarship and intelligent understanding of the current movements in the fields of art, letters, or music are practically unknown. Vide the publications of Catholic women's colleges." Mr. Molanphy's counsel is surely unwise. Many at least of these publications show no slight degree of scholarship and intelligent understanding along the lines that he indicates.

Its aptness not being apparent, I shall ignore Mr. Molanphy's reference to the "inferiority complex," but I would like to suggest that "the only solution of the problem of the Catholic college" may not lie "in restriction and consolidation." Might not a solution be found in the more vigorous support given by Catholics to the colleges that have been established primarily to preserve for them and for their children the heritage of faith?

Mr. Molanphy's implied attitude toward his own college, I prefer not to discuss. "A man's enemies are they of his own household." Let investigation be made by all means, even such investigation as Mr. Molanphy may desire; but let it extend, not only to conditions actually existing in Catholic colleges, but to the truth or the falsity of statements made by disloyal, or misguided, students.

ALUMNA.

THE MAN OF RESEARCH

Villanova, Pa.

TO the Editor:—In the issue of The Commonweal for September 9 there is a paper, The Man of Research, written by Sir Bertram Windle. The distinguished writer says, speaking about Mendel—"Most people will tell you that he was an abbot. Of course he was not, for his order knows no such name."

It happens, though, that he *was* an abbot. The heads of our houses are always priors, but there is one Augustinian abbot in the world, and of that abbey Mendel died the head. The present head of the abbey is a mitred abbot, and it is situated in Moravia. I do not know why this is so, but suppose it is a relic of the time when perhaps the heads of our large houses were abbots. I do not write captiously, but simply that Sir Bertram may be set right in this minor matter; for many are only too willing to make mountains out of molehills.

JOHN A. WHELAN, O. S. A.

SETON HALL COLLEGE

South Orange, N. J.

TO the Editor:—I noticed in your issue of September 23, a letter on Catholic colleges, by Mr. C. Molanphy. Just to keep the records straight, I wish to advise him that he has omitted the oldest Catholic College for men in New Jersey, that of Seton Hall at South Orange, which has an honorable record of almost seventy years' endeavor in the field of higher Catholic education.

(RT. REV.) T. H. MCLAUGHLIN.
President, Seton Hall College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

A Triumphant Hamlet

SMALL wonder that Walter Hampden can make the song of Cyrano penetrate to the innermost castles of our hearts when he has in himself so much of the gallant audacity of Rostand's hero. The battle and the achievement of Hampden for recognition and his rightful place in the American theatre have the quality of an epic and the romance of a French "chanson de geste." Perhaps this explains why he has given us in Hamlet an heroic and triumphant figure rather than the tragedy of an enchained will.

There were many reasons—all of the surface—why Hampden's production of Hamlet should be one of the outstanding occasions of the theatrical year. First of all, there was the association of Ethel Barrymore with the new Hampden Theatre. Then, too, there was the romantic fact that Mr. Hampden now has a theatre of his own, bearing his own name, and setting the seal upon his hard and brave battle of the last decade. But I imagine that whatever reasons may have attracted the audience this first night, there were many who left with the conviction that they had witnessed something very rich and startling and probably new in the long history of Shakespeare's greatest drama. If Mr. Hampden had come before the curtain and told his audience that he was presenting them with the life of a hero rather than with a tragedy of defeat, he could hardly have made plainer or more pointed the story which he unfolded.

As one recalls in memory interpretations such as that of Forbes Robertson, and more recently of John Barrymore, or scans the long tradition built up by the older tragedians, there is a singular persistency in the idea that Hamlet remains defeated to the end. Doctor Samuel Johnson was so puzzled by the complexities of the young prince's character that he frankly gave his preference to the far simpler tragedy of Othello. Even Goethe insists on the moral tragedy of Hamlet. Yet Mr. Hampden, braving the bulwarks of tradition, has found a different meaning and has substantiated it so well by his use of texts generally omitted, that one feels, at his performance, a sense of glorious discovery, and the conviction that here, at last, is the theme which resolves what older critics have always called the contradictions of Hamlet's character.

As Mr. Hampden plays it, the story unfolds itself in this fashion—Hamlet is called upon by his father's ghost to be the avenger of his own mother's sin. At first he is torn by all the doubts and the agony which uncertainty can create. But even at this point, there is no flinching in his purpose to discover whether the ghost is a good or an evil spirit, whether the terrible thing he is called upon to do is the prompting of truth or of falsehood. Then comes the moment of the playlet and the completion of the evidence which Hamlet has been building up. At this point, Mr. Hampden introduces his new theme. He reminds us that Hamlet, with no indecision whatever, kills Polonious thinking he is the king. He reminds us again, by the use of the complete text, that Hamlet is sent to England immediately upon the discovery of the body of Polonius—in other words, that Hamlet had no physical opportunity to carry out his vengeance on the king until his return from England naked and alone, shorn of all weapons by the attack of the pirates. The scene at the grave thus assumes a new symbolic importance. Hamlet must go down into the grave himself (like Everyman after his pilgrimage) before the completion of his final act. The last scene of the duel "shuffles off the mortal coils" of the man whose life has now been dedicated. But in doing this, it achieves the redemption of his soul. There is a moment in the death of Hamlet—an unforgettable moment—when Mr. Hampden raises his eyes as if beholding a supernatural vision, holds up his hand as if yearning for final release, and then falls back—a spiritual conqueror.

We often forget, I think, Hamlet's conversation with Horatio when he tells as clearly as English can assert that his conscience is clear and that he can no longer be assailed with doubt. We also forget the almost mystical sense in which Horatio is a figure of human reason, of its power and of its limits. Mr. Hampden has shown us Horatio in the sense that Dante shows us Virgil. Ophelia in death achieves something of the beauty and significance of Beatrice, the one whom Hamlet's soul has always loved and who has been rejected only by "this machine"—as he tells her in his letter—when the machine of human reason itself was befogged by cross purposes.

Of Mr. Hampden's acting it can be said that he fully carries out the new purpose and nobility he has discovered in Hamlet's character. In his moments of torture there is a surging from the knotted heat of passion to the aftermath of languor that carries along the action with a majestic cadence. From the moment of the playlet, he brings before us a figure of power and maturity, of inflexible will and of superb detachment.

I should like to see more of this spirit reflected in the production as a whole. What he has achieved in the personal figure of Hamlet, Mr. Hampden has not yet carried into the ensemble of the play. There is too much of the stately and artificial older tradition in the other characters. They lack the vitality of Mr. Hampden's own thought. The king and queen particularly could be made characters of startling reality through something of the insight which Mr. Albert Bruning displays in his admirable Polonius. But this is a strengthening which future productions and future years—for this Hamlet is plainly destined to be a growing and enlarging figure on our American stage—can achieve.

There remains for discussion the Ophelia of Miss Barrymore. Nothing more fragile nor more delicately representative of the soul figure of Hamlet has probably passed before us than the vision created by Miss Barrymore. She has achieved here something of rare beauty and simplicity, something which her most unreasoning admirers would hardly have dared to expect. But in her quality of voice there remains, as always, a sense of the surface of things rather than of the depths—an unoffensive but monotonous note which stirs one as little as the ripples on a pond. One yearns at times for the deeper note which would seem to come from the centre of things and to make the soul of Ophelia something of power as well as pathos.

In conclusion, is this not the moment to pay the tribute of greatness to the actor, the manager, and the romantic leader who has won success almost single-handed and through his art has been able to give us a Cyrano with the pathos of a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hamlet and a Hamlet with the courageous heroism of a Cyrano!

Hay Fever

THIS latest play by Noel Coward, the author of The Vortex, is a good example of mechanical skill minus inspiration. Whatever its defects and whatever the futility of the theme of The Vortex, it at least showed unmistakably the theatrical vitality which comes from strong feeling at the time of writing. Hay Fever, by contrast, is a meticulous little comedy of English character written, one might imagine, as an amusing stunt and dependent entirely upon rapid dialogue and the invincible humor of human nature laid bare.

It is nothing more than the story of a week-end in the country home of an English actress who can never resist the temptation of dramatizing every situation in her life. Her husband, a novelist, her son, an artist, and her daughter, a frank and energetic young person are quite accustomed to the business of playing up to their mother on every occasion and entering into her innocent scheme of home-made dramatics. But the various week-end guests who find themselves casually assembled on this occasion are less adept and have in consequence about as uncomfortable a time as four human beings could crowd into twenty-four hours. It is rather typical of the whole play that the four guests make their escape from the house during the height of a family squabble and that their departure is only noticed when it has become a fact of history. Miss Laura Hope Crews, Mr. Gavin Muir, and Mr. Harry Davenport carry the burden of this thin comedy by some very clever work as the actress, her son and her husband, respectively. But the play sags heavily at times, due chiefly, I think, to poor direction. Hay Fever is only slightly more stimulating than its name.

In Selecting Your Plays

(The following list includes all plays reviewed in The Commonweal—favorably or otherwise—which are still playing in New York.)

Accused—A fine Belasco cast, headed by E. H. Sothern, in an absorbing play of Brieux's.
Applesauce—Amusing characterization in a comedy of small-town life.
Arms and the Man—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.
Is Zat So?—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.
Oh, Mama!—The wrong kind of French farce.
Outside Looking In—The hobo empire at its best and worst—marred by wholly unnecessary blasphemy.
Stolen Fruit—In which Ann Harding achieves greatness and lifts a good play to distinction.
The Buccaneer—Messrs. Anderson and Stallings, two dramatists in search of a play. They don't find it.
The Butter and Egg Man—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.
The Gorilla—The best spoofing of mystery plays in many a day.
The Green Hat—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's all-too-good acting.
The Pelican—Well acted, well constructed, play on a thin and unpersuasive motive.
The Poor Nut—One good hippodrome scene and little else.
The Vortex—Starts anywhere and ends nowhere, but has good theatrical quality in two scenes.
These Charming People—Cyril Maude and Edna Best tiptoeing on Arlen débris.
They Knew What They Wanted—Sin, punishment and forgiveness in swift and powerful sequence. Too much box-office blasphemy.
White Cargo—Only if you like to be harrowed to no purpose.

BOOKS

The Táin, by Mary A. Hutton. Dublin: The Talbot Press. 10/6.

TO every lover of the old folk-lore of Ireland, there must have often come the devout wish that some congress of scholars and literary men might convene in Dublin and settle, once for all, the question of a literary form for the personal and place names in early Irish literature. If the world is to accept these old stories and sagas of the north, if names like Cuchullin, Deirdre and Findabar are to come into the mythological lore of general literature, we should have some assurance, some authority from the experts on these questions.

In Lady Gregory's beautiful rendering of the Gods and Fighting Men and Cuchulain of Muirthemne, we were presented with a dramatis personae quite difficult enough for non-Gaelic tongues, and now again Miss Mary A. Hutton presents us with another recension in which we are confronted with an entirely different set of spellings. I remember the shrug of horror with which a distinguished Irish poet received my suggestion that he might prepare some little book or catechism of personal and place names and explanations of literary allusions in this Gaelic literature, for the use of admirers and students. Again I hazard this little suggestion to Irish scholars in the hope that they will regard it as not untimely or too vulgarly practical.

"Findbenna, 'White-horned'—
This was his name, and he had been calved indeed
By a cow mid Maev's own herds; and he had held it
Not famous or illustrious to abide
On woman's maintenance; and he had gone,
Till he was o'er the herds owned by the king—"

This was the great bull of Cooley, the cause of dissension between Queen Maev and her husband Alyill, who start the story of the Táin with a dispute over their individual possessions and dignities. It is one of the indications of the immense antiquity of this poem that the genealogy of this bull presents such strange transmigrations; his descent was traced from two venomous enemies, swine-herds—

"After their being swine-herds they were birds,
Old ravens—
And after being birds they were huge beasts
Who dwelt beneath the oceans and the waters—
They left that river and became two warriors
There on the shore before them—
Till they became two stags who fought, and then
Two towering haughty phantoms—next they rose,
Rising into the heavens: and midst the clouds
Became two dragons who sent wondrous showers
Of heavy snow—they fell
Out of the air and went into the shape
Of little water-worms, with every color
Shining upon them—
Lastly those swine-herds are these two huge bulls
Namely, Findbenna and the Donn of Cooley
Wondrous for forms and powers."

For the possession of this great bull of Cooley, begins the tangled struggle of the story of genealogies, hatreds, rivalries and friendships of the Gaelic chiefs and families. The detail reveals its primitive origins at every turn; the pastoral character of life, the measuring of possessions in herds and flocks,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the close adherence to the soil, all speak of a great race emerging from barbarity, splendid, fierce, passionate and noble; terrible in its renouncements, its devotions and its animosities; but over it all with a sense of beauty, of the brief loveliness of life, of the splendor of the spirit, that cannot be found in any other of the ancient literature of the world.

Queen Maev is a marvelous creation in these stories—resourceful, tenacious, human to a magnificent degree. Findabair, her daughter, is a lamp of loveliness, and Deirdre, an ancient vampire who has stirred the blood adown the ages of passionate men with her Lilith splendors. Faerdeeah is the ancient Warwick of his people; Cuchullin, the Hercules-Apollo of the mythology, whose deeds and magic powers have fascinated Celtic imagination; he is a magical sort of Achilles, a monster in his rages, an adorable divinity in his tendernesses and fidelity. He really represents the half-human, half-divine element that haunts the Celtic race adown the ages—that follows Cuchullin's helmet—

"Out of each angle of the which a cry
Would be cried forth, like the battle-cry
Of one hundred warriors: for the Bannanahs
And Boccanahs and Demons of the Air
And the Glen-folk were wont to cry before it,
Above it and around it every time
That the blown blood of warriors and of heroes
Would shower swift past it on the airs and the winds."

We pass over the very fine episode of the contest and death of Ferdeeah under the might of his bosom friend Cuchullin, forced into the battle with him. We read how—

"Findabair
Daughter of Maev and Alyill heard these tidings,
Namely that those unnumbered men had fallen
Through her occasion. And she had not known
Of all the promises which had been made
Before the Táin. Then when she heard these tidings
Her heart within her breast broke and was cloven
With shame and generous feeling towards those men.
And she found death: and she was buried straightway
And that red, heath-grown, very lovely hill
Wherein that day with grief they buried her,
After that time was called Slieve Findabair.
And on that heath-grown hill they wailed above her
Her death-wail, and her loud long burial cry—
E'en as in old, old, very far-back days
Brigit the daughter of the mighty Dagda
Had ordered and ordained: for it was Brigit
That woman-poet and that woman-druid,
The goddess whom all poets love and worship,
Who had ordained that in all time to come
There should be wailing o'er the dead in Erin."

The Táin draws to an end with the combat of the two great bulls, Findbenna and the Donn of Cooley. It was a battle of great magnificence and display of supernatural and magical powers.

After a terrible contest, lasting throughout the darkness of the night, when—

"For all the men of Erin there was nothing
But to be listening to the storm and roaring" . . .

they beheld the great Donn of Cooley at the break of day coming out of the west with the fragments of the body of his rival on his horns.

"Then they saw him where he came approaching them
But there was on him blindness and great ire,
Because of his sore wounds. He storming on
Stormed up amongst them: and full many there,
Of women and young lads and little folk,
Fell on that hill-slope of high Cooley, slain
By their own Donn of Cooley. He lay down
Against the hill and his great heart broke there,
And sent a stream of blood down all the slope:
And thus, when all this war and Táin had ended
In his own land, midst his own hills, he died."

The Táin is one gorgeous, barbaric phantasmagoria out of a prehistoric age.

THOMAS WALSH.

Poets of America, by Clement Wood. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

THERE are volumes which are first disenchanting and then dangerous—for is there not a danger in all disenchantment?—and which would deceive, if possible, the very elect among book-lovers. And one of them, alas! is Clement Wood's recent study, The Poets of America.

It starts off well, almost spectacularly well, with its spirited chapter on The Seed and the First Fruits, and its summary of the three persistent strains through English literature—ecstasy from the Celt, a noble if somewhat heavy contemplation from the Anglo-Saxon, and that "gay Norman gusto" and zest for living which has sung all the long way from Chaucer to Chesterton. After this it is a trifle surprising to find the early, unimportant harvest of Colonial and post-Revolutionary versifiers and the once-venerated New England school disposed of all together in a few curt pages. Emerson with his "transcendental stutterings," Longfellow with his facile charm and too facile imitativeness, Lowell, Bryant, Whittier—all of these may be outmoded and many of them outgrown; "but still, at the same time . . ." as Jurgen used to remark! On the whole, however, one will not quarrel with Mr. Wood for giving his first separate chapter of appreciation to that star-crossed genius, Edgar Allen Poe—and his second to one also obviously a genius, if not always an artist, Walt Whitman. These two radically different poets have been justified by their fruits; that is to say, by their subsequent influence on our literary history. But why a third distinct chapter devoted to the work, the woes and the weddings of Adah Isaacs Menken? Dancer, actress, newspaper writer, adventuress in many lands, this unhappy Jewess brought to her rhapsodies an abandon and intensity lifting them above the somewhat placid and provincial versifying too common in the states at that time. But she is melodramatic quite as often as she is dramatic. And there is nothing in the fragments quoted by Mr. Wood—not even her striking apostrophe to poets, with their "unmated souls flying insanely at the stars"—which seems to entitle her to the eminence claimed by her champion.

It is but human, perhaps, to overpraise our own literary pets, to overemphasize our own literary discoveries. But the omission of other artists, because we ourselves happen to be out of sympathy with their methods or ideals, is a far more mortal sin. In fact, when the omission is serious and deliberate, it is liable to vitiate the whole body of our criticism. And this is precisely what does vitiate the criticism of the present volume. For what is the reader to think when, after a sympathetic chapter discussing Sidney Lanier, he finds no mention at all of Lanier's friend and contemporary, John

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bannister Tabb? Of that subtle artist and exquisite craftsman (and incorrigible punster, too!) he will, indeed, find no reference throughout the entire book—except the casual remark, toward its close, that our delightful but very different poet, Dr. Charles O'Donnell, is "far superior to Father Tabb in the chiseled miniature."

After the omission of so authentic a master of American verse, we could scarcely expect mention of another priest-poet nationally known during Civil War years, Father Abram Ryan; and one is rather astonished to find a passing word upon the "sharp" music of John Boyle O'Reilly. A little further on one is utterly exasperated to see Louise Imogen Guiney, whose Valkyrie song brought so fine a note of silver beauty into contemporary music, grouped—and dismissed—among a strange medley of "accomplished formalists." There is no slightest appreciation of The Wild Ride, the lovely Lilac lyric, the plaintive and poignant group of Christmas carols. And yet Clement Wood found the happy phrase "angel gossip" for Blake, and gave a whole chapter to the shy and tentative genius of Emily Dickinson, and is, in general, rather fond of talking in a nebulous way about "mysticism."

One of the good points of this book is its inauguration of the pious custom of including the American Indian and Negro strains among the builders of American poetry; and it is perhaps because of space limitations that its survey of these is so superficial. Of our immediate contemporaries, on the other hand, the analyses are particularly full and in the main stimulating. Chapter headings are devoted to Edwin Arlington Robinson, to Robert Frost, to Carl Sandburg and Edgar Lee Masters; one of the happiest to Vachel Lindsay and one of the unhappiest to Edna St. Vincent Millay. Most readers will think that Mr. Wood has been a little less than fair to Amy Lowell, and a little more than fair to the "jeweled brain" of Elinor Wylie. But he has taken them all into his debt for one of the first adequate appreciations of Rose O'Neill, whose sad, glad gift of song is less known than her incomparable "Kewpies." And he takes them again into his debt, first by his appreciative explanation of the newer free or polyrhythmic verse forms, then by his sane and capable riddling of The Waste Land and similar acrobatic performances of a little group who would no doubt like to be described as the ultra-modernists.

He is himself fond of the "new psychology," and frequent in his references to it. He insists upon the mother-sister complex in Poe, he wonders if Whitman's paralysis may not have been an "unconscious flight from further conflict" with a none too friendly public, and he even tries to explain poor Emily Dickinson by remarking that she "lacked the exhibitionist desire!" So one feels quite justified in demanding by what curious complex of criticism—or the lack of it—Mr. Wood gives a full page of quotations from the cheap blasphemy of Gellett Burgess, another page apiece to such very minor and melancholy versifiers as Lola Ridge and Samuel Roth, with several to James Oppenheim and the really objectionable Giovanitti, and not one line from Joyce Kilmer? It is conceivable, just barely conceivable that the anthologist may have omitted the names of Father Tabb and Louise Guiney by accident or oversight, just as he has quite inevitably omitted many worthy names from his symposium of contemporary singers at the close of the volume. But no American poet, and no reader of American poetry in our own generation, could possibly ignore the name of Joyce Kilmer except by intention. It was natural, of course, that some reaction should follow upon the somewhat undiscriminating devotion showered for awhile upon all of Kilmer's work—particularly upon the earlier, popular, domestic strain from which he grew into the rarer poet of such differing lyrics as Trees, Gates and Doors or Rouge Bouquet. But Joyce Kilmer remains one of the most precious symbols of that practical idealism which has always been the dream of our American democracy, as it has always been the dream of our Catholic Church. And when we find Mr. Wood dismissing him, very much en passant, as "a young American singer who died in the war," it is no longer possible to avoid the inference that he purposely avoids these representative Catholic poets because of their unquenchable enthusiasm for God. For it happens that he himself loses no opportunity throughout these pages to imply that the whole idea of a personal deity is both hampering and superannuated; that, as he equivocally puts it, "Gods appear as spring flowers of the human race." It is a pity that this inhibition should shut out Mr. Wood from that fine and fierce ecstasy of belief which he seems to enjoy in Chesterton and might have enjoyed in Kilmer. But that, after all, is a personal matter.

It is not personal, but public, when a professional critique upon American poetry, containing appreciations of the historical and contemporary groups, scrupulous to include the Negro, the Amerind, the Hebrew and even the young radical notes, is found utterly neglecting any appreciation of the Catholic note. It means simply that unless this book can be revised, it will fall very far short of satisfying Catholic readers, or any readers of inclusive and constructive taste. It means—and that is a pity, too—that someone else will have to do Mr. Wood's work over again, and do it more liberally.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

ONE MACMILLAN BOOK A WEEK

THE MASS

By REV. JOSEPH A. DUNNEY

Handsome gift book edition. Gilt top. Ancient chalice in gold as a side stamping.

An intensely reverent treatment of each step in the progress of the Mass, from the priest's first genuflection to the altar boy's "Deo gratias."

Price $2.50

At your book store or from

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Atlanta Boston Chicago Dallas San Francisco

CONTRIBUTORS

HILAIRE BELLOC, English essayist, is the author of The Cruise of the Nona and other books.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER, a contributor of articles and literary criticism to American magazines, is the author of The Catholic Spirit in English Literature.

ELISABETH MARBURY, prominent in dramatic and political life in New York, is the author of My Crystal Ball.

KATHERINE BRÉGY, a writer of literary criticism for the magazines, is the author of The Poet's Chanty and other books.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL, a critic of art, is the author of The Law of Life, The Port of Storms, and Fairy Tales of Weir.

CONSTANTINE P. CURRAN is a contributor of Irish political articles to English and American magazines.

R. DANA SKINNER is a writer of dramatic criticism for The Commonweal and The Independent, and a contributor of articles to current magazines.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES, GUSTAV DAVIDSON, LORETTA ROCHE and DOROTHY CRUIKSHANK are frequent contributors of poetry to American magazines.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

The Quiet Corner was pulsing with energy as the first anniversary of its birthday was at hand, and Doctor Angelicus undertook to organize the various committees expected to take part in the ceremonies. Tittivillus was very busy arranging the publishers' announcements, newspapers, manuscripts and latest works of fiction and piety that were beginning to monopolize the space around the fireplace, where the fire was burning low. The boy had lifted a pale blue brochure from the heap and was about to replenish the flames when Dr. Angelicus held up his hand and adjusted his new monocle to his eye and exclaimed—"Stop, boy, that is Angelica Briggs's Book of Ejaculations—spare that one and use the Garland from Shanghai Gardens instead. I am expecting Angelica this afternoon with the others, and her book must be in evidence here. What are you looking for now?"

Tittivillus started to ruffle up the papers on the table, shake the waste baskets and generally hurry in an unaccustomed way, while the Doctor tried, half-successfully, to frown through his eye-glass.

"I am looking for the other half of your spectacles, Doctor," replied the boy.

"Never mind, my child, I have left the other half at home. It is not wise to look on modern life with two eyes at once. I shall get used to this solitary optic after a little practice. There is somebody tapping at the door, Tittivillus. I think my Poets' Committee must be arriving."

At the moment appeared the drooping forehead of Tvagon Dahlmann, the jubilated poet of Malmö, famous throughout his land as the "Bard of Tears."

The usual greetings over, with Tvagon in an easy chair, the Doctor rubbed his hands cheerfully. "It is good to see somebody that can smile in this sad world," remarked Tvagon.

"Somebody that can smile and at the same time remain an artist," cried Malachy O'Mara, the epic poet from Connemara, throwing a rather western-looking sombrero on the table.

"What, home from your musical recitals, Malachy?" said the Doctor, rising to greet him.

"Yes, Doctor darlin', and a very successful tour—the real Irish, the unadulterated Celt is in the western states—and they still love the lilting and strumming of the Lyons and Healy harps of Erin."

"You will give us a recitation—or do you call it a psalmody or chant—at our celebration next week?"

"Of course, Doctor, and if you will arrange for the expressage of Nora na Coulahan's harp, she will also be here."

At this moment Tittivillus entered with a visiting card.

"Show the Countess in," and a tall, willowy woman in a tight-fitting black toque with a rhinestone snake in front of it and long earrings of green-glass, frou-froued into the Library. "The Countess Sonia Tripowsky, my friends—authoress of Sobs from Petrograd and the Red Pierrot—one of our valued foreign contributors to the Poetry Page."

She was followed into the room by an emaciated young man carrying her Mexican poodle. He kissed everybody's hand, including the Doctor's, which afterward readjusted the monocle; but he hesitated before the Irish poet, O'Mara.

"I present the company to Perrito de Torero, the prize winner of the Floral Games of Quito, in Ecuador—a divine singer of the Andes."

NOTICE OF REMOVAL
Memorial Stained Glass Windows
FRANZ MAYER OF MUNICH, Inc.
JOSEPH P. KELLY, *President*
1220-1222 Woolworth Building, New York
Telephone Whitehall 3631

ELEVATORS
ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON
EVEN A CHILD CAN OPERATE THEM WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY
BURWAK ELEVATOR CO. 216 FULTON ST NEW YORK CITY

PRINTING SERVICE
Our working force is composed of trained men, selected because of their ability and willingness to make extreme efforts to satisfy our customers.
This feature of our organization accounts to a large extent for the long list of representative concerns that have continued to send us their printing orders for many years.
May we estimate on your printing?
Catalogs, Magazines, Books, Commercial Printing
BURR PRINTING HOUSE
Cor. Frankfort and Jacob Streets, New York City

The Princess Theatre
39th Street East of Broadway
CLARE TREE MAJOR
presents
THE LITTLE POOR MAN
William Lindsey Prize Play
by
HARRY LEE
CARDINAL HAYES:
"One of the most beautiful contributions to Franciscan literature."
THE TELEGRAPH:
"A play of rare beauty and excellence."
THE TIMES:
"Against a background of a Cathedral in Assisi and the pageantry of richly colored costumes and the life of the village, this odyssey of a Saint works gradually out of worldliness into holiness."
R. DANA SKINNER has written to Mrs. Major:
"While Catholics will perhaps understand it more fully and deeply, it is so eminently an example of the finest theatre that I feel sure you will find large and thankful audiences from every quarter. You deserve the strongest support for this courageous work."
ONLY TWO PERFORMANCES WEEKLY
Tuesday and Friday Matinee
Telephone—Fitzroy 0579 and 0712

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

URSULINE ACADEMY
Grand Concourse (East 165th Street), New York City
PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Resident and Day Pupils
Boys admitted to the Elementary Departments
Chartered by the University of the State of New York

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
133rd St. and Convent Ave., New York City
Autumn and Winter Sessions 1925-1926
NORMAL COURSES IN
Music I, II, III, and IV Gregorian Chant
Classes in Choir Directing, Violin, Organ and Harmony
For calendar and further information, address THE SECRETARY, Pius X School

Carlton J. H. Hayes, Ph.D., LL.D.
Professor of History at Columbia University
Will deliver a course of five lectures in
THE COMMUNITY AUDITORIUM
Park Avenue and 34th Street, New York City.
Thursday Evenings at 8:15
on
NATIONALISM
"The most important problem confronting the world today"
Oct. 22—The Propaganda of Nationalism
Oct. 29—Nationalism as a Religion
Nov. 5—Nationalism and International War
Nov. 12—Nationalism and Domestic Intolerance
Nov. 19—Nationalism,—Curse or Blessing?
Course Tickets, $3.50—Single Admission, 75 cents at the door

Phone Walker 8160 Cable "Bernastat"
BERNARDINI STATUARY COMPANY
INC.
Established 1849
ECCLESIASTICAL SCULPTORS AND DESIGNERS
STATUARY - ALTARS - STATIONS - FONTS
CEMENT
COMPOSITION
MARBLE
Studios
55 BARCLAY STREET
NEW YORK

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY
95th and Throop Streets, LONGWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.
Accredited Boarding and Day School for Girls
Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame
ACADEMIC COURSE—Prepares for College or Normal Entrance
MUSIC—Conservatory Methods in Piano, Violin and Vocal
ART—Special Advantages. Three Studios Open to Visitors at All Times. Graded Courses in Both Music and Art Departments Lead to Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas

Tittivillus, now crouching in the corner, was heard to whisper something about condors and llamas. The door banged open and in rushed Angelica Briggs herself, with her manuscript case bulging with papers. After she had delayed in the corner with her mirror and lipstick, she turned effusively on the Doctor, threw her arms around his waist, and said—"Angelicus, we are here."

"And just in time to meet some of your compeers."

"Let's have a cigarette first," she said, nervously glancing at the gathering at the end of the room.

"How about taking a pinch," suggested the Doctor.

"Oh, how adorable," she exclaimed, seizing the Doctor's snuff-box.

"It is from Russia," he explained. "The snuff is from Copenhagen. You are entitled to three sneezes and one blow—then the blue-birds."

"Doctor, you are an inspired poet. I'll take a pinch, thank you."

"Ladies and gentlemen," the Doctor was presenting her, "I wish you to meet Miss Angelica Briggs, the Greenwich Village bedside story-teller who can be heard on the radio at half-past nine every morning, or at half-past eleven on Sundays—authoress of Ejaculations, Marching With the Gang, Sonnets That Sneer, and Tear Drops of the Hyena." A joyous sneeze came from Miss Angelica.

Two other forms appeared at the door, well-known figures in Bohemia—Loco, the Moro love-singer of the Philippines; and Leon, the Areopagite poet of Syria, followed by the large form, bold yet shrinking, of Blanche de Oliva, the folk-singer from the Jamaica Islands.

"It is a congress of nations," murmured Angelica, puffing her cigarette at Malachy O'Mara.

"We represent the brotherhood of mankind," remarked Loco of the Philippines to the Nordic representative, Tvagon, the Bard of Tears. The Countess and Perrito, laureate of the Andes, bent over their pet Mexican poodle, while the Areopagite, making a low bow, presented Miss Anonymoncule with a small flask, saying—"The tribute of my native land."

"Galleries Lafayette," read Miss Anonymoncule, on the bottle.

"It is the breath of our Damascus gardens," whispered the Areopagite.

"We are here to arrange for the afternoon celebration of our poets. Unfortunately, some of our most conspicuous contributors are not in town just now, not having closed their country homes. However, we shall proceed to arrange our program, which, I think, should open with your permission, with a harp obbligato by Miss Nora, entitled Winds That Blow O'er Tara's Halls, followed by Syrian Burial Songs, by Leon the Areopagite; then an Ode to the Condors next, by Perrito de Torero, to be succeeded by Voodoo Memories, to tom-tom accompaniment by Miss de Oliva. Herr Tvagon Dahlmann will then recite some merry snatches from Strindberg, and Miss Angelica Briggs will give her syncopated symphony, The Salvation Army in Sheridan Square. The editors will then recite their editorials into the radio, WZWZ, for the world at large to gain some share in our joyous gathering; after which we shall have a general reception of our friends."

"A rather heterogeneous gathering, don't you think, Doctor," suggested Miss Anonymoncule, with her usual timeliness.

"We shall have complete police protection," declared the Doctor with finality.

THE LIBRARIAN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED